

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLIX. No. 2074

London
March 26, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

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LONDON
MARCH 26, 1941

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Price: One Shilling
Vol. CLIX. No. 2074



Bertram Park

Two Army Leaders

G.O.C. in C., Southern Command

Lt.-Gen. the Hon. H. R. L. G. Alexander, C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., was appointed General Officer Commanding-in-Chief Southern Command last December in succession to General Auchinleck, who became Commander-in-Chief in India. General Alexander, an Ulsterman of forty-nine, was educated at Harrow and Sandhurst. He commanded the First Division in France in this war and took over the B.E.F. during the last few days of the evacuation from Dunkirk. He has a splendid military record: gained the D.S.O. and M.C. between 1914 and 1918, and was also mentioned five times in dispatches

G.O.C., Aldershot Command

Major-General Dudley Graham Johnson, V.C., C.B., D.S.O., M.C., late South Wales Borderers, has been in command of the Aldershot Area since 1940. He is fifty-six years old. Before the last war he served in China, and mastered the Chinese language. He was awarded the V.C. in 1918, when, indifferent to danger, he led his troops over the Sambre Canal under heavy fire. Prior to this war, in the early part of which he commanded the Fourth Division in France, he was Commandant of a Small Arms School. His wife is a sister of Mr. Frederick Grisewood of the B.B.C.



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Foreign Office Outpost

MR. ANTHONY EDEN's visit to the Near East has been more prolonged than some people anticipated. It was probably natural to assume that after consultations in Ankara and Athens and a final discussion at British headquarters in Cairo he would speed his way back to London, there to report in person to the Prime Minister and his colleagues in the War Cabinet. Obviously, however, there have been great advantages for our diplomacy in having the Foreign Secretary situated at the strategic hub of affairs in this present phase of the war.

From the moment when it was decided in London that he and Sir John Dill should visit the Eastern Mediterranean it was clearly the British aim to strengthen and co-ordinate resistance to the Axis Powers in their efforts to dominate all south-east Europe. Many considerations were operating in the minds of the States concerned. In a number of capitals there were doubts and misgivings on this or that score which could be modified or removed by frank discussion with the British Foreign Secretary.

To most of the foreign statesmen concerned Mr. Eden was already a familiar figure. Many of them had known and negotiated with him in the old days at Geneva and had

learned to appreciate his straight-forward and realistic approach to the problems of the hour—problems which were but the forerunners to the great struggle now engulfing the world. Thus when he has told them during the last few weeks "We will back you up to the hilt," his words have carried full conviction, while British triumphs in Africa have borne impressive witness to the fact our fighting men of all arms are no less formidable today than at any previous stage in our history.

Versatile Mr. Churchill

FROM time to time in these notes I have commented on the seemingly boundless capacity of the Prime Minister for shouldering fresh burdens. In Mr. Eden's absence he has, of course, added to his functions as Premier and Minister of Defence the duties of Foreign Secretary. Actually this latter function does not impose on Mr. Churchill much work over and above what would fall upon him in the ordinary course of events. On the highest matters of foreign policy the Foreign Secretary would always refer for a final decision to the head of the Government. On the day-to-day conduct of affairs the work of the Foreign Secretary can be, and is, handled with skill and efficiency by Mr. R. A. Butler, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, and Sir



A.T.S. Inspector

Senior Commandant Jean Knox was last week appointed to the newly created post of Inspector of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, her duty being to visit units in all commands, to advise, and to suggest improvements or new developments. She will rank as a Controller, equivalent to an army colonel. Mrs. Knox is the wife of an R.A.F. squadron leader, has hitherto been responsible for A.T.S. recruiting at the War Office

Alexander Cadogan, the Permanent Head of the Foreign Office. They have worked together for a long time now and make an excellent team.

Where Mr. Churchill may begin to find the strain is in the fact that he has virtually assumed the functions of an extra though actually non-existent minister who might well be described as Secretary for Anglo-American Affairs. Since the tremendous changes created by America's decision to join the British Empire as a non-belligerent, or "pre-belligerent" ally, the work which will fall on the Premier in this respect is bound to be very heavy.

Since I first started writing on the theme some weeks ago a public discussion has started on the need for co-ordinating machinery to ensure that the maximum weight is added to our punch by the fact that we have behind us the whole great productive power of the United States. It is impossible to overstress the importance of the transition from "cash and carry" to "lend or lease." Before that change over we could obtain supplies only up to the limit imposed by our purse and were compelled to fetch all of those supplies from the American continent. Today the sole limit is the maximum output capacity of the United States and they assume a great part of the responsibility for seeing that their supplies reach us and our allies "in their battle lines."

For Unity of Effort

AMERICA is at war today as surely as if she had adopted the now old-fashioned formula of declaration. Her own people and newspapers state the fact frankly—indeed, enthusiastically—so there is no harm in our echoing and understanding that imposing fact.

In the clearest and most impressive terms President Roosevelt has proclaimed America's determination to see our enemies defeated. America is therefore entitled to enter into the fullest consultation with us on all aspects of our strategy. If the leaders of the two nations are agreed on the methods by which victory can most swiftly be achieved, problems of



At the Pilgrims' Luncheon—an Occasion for Great Speeches

Lord Derby, chairman of the Pilgrims of Great Britain, presided at the Savoy Hotel luncheon last week at which Mr. Winston Churchill welcomed the new American Ambassador, and Mr. John G. Winant made his first public speech since his arrival here. Stirring words were spoken at that luncheon. Mr. Churchill once more sent flying round the world's news-wires vivid and superb phrases—"an ocean-borne trumpet call," "delectable tidings of a triple event," "the solemn but splendid duties which are the crown of victory." Mr. Winant spoke like a fine American democrat of man's struggle for freedom now and in great moments of the past, and of the future when the "co-operation of free nations alone can and will overcome fear"

production can be solved more effectively. The bulk of this co-ordination will be done at the American end. British staff officers are available in Washington for discussions with their opposite numbers. Professor Noel Hall, one of the most brilliant of our younger experts, goes from his post as Director of the Ministry of Economic Warfare to be head of that department's organisation in Washington, attached to the British Embassy.

Similarly Sir Arthur Salter, M.P., goes over to thrash out the unified shipping policy of the two countries. The Ministry of Supply already has its representatives in the United States through the British Purchasing Commission under Mr. Arthur Purvis. There are, however, many matters requiring co-ordination at the London end and this is a subject to which Mr. Churchill will be addressing his attention.

British Government Changes?

RUMOUR is busy with possible changes in the Government. It is persistently reported that new fields are to be found for the dynamic energy of Lord Beaverbrook. It is said that he may succeed Mr. Ronald Cross at the Ministry of Shipping. This talk arises in part from the fact that Lord Beaverbrook likes to do his own job in his own way and does not find it easy to defer to the wishes or views of any other department. It has for long been an open secret that liaison between the Air Ministry and its source of supply, the Ministry of Aircraft Production, leave much to be desired.

Probably the visit to this country of a powerful American air staff mission has heavily underlined the elements of a situation which would have been less obvious had the R.A.F. been obliged to rely exclusively on the British aircraft industry for its flow of new and replacement machines. In the new situation created by the Anglo-American alliance—for how else can it properly be described?—it is vital that the request and indents sent from Britain to the United States should be made only after the needs of the situation have been fully agreed at the London end. Unhappily that is not the present position.

Mr. William Averill Harriman, specially appointed American Minister to help the Ambassador, Mr. Winant, on production questions is getting a quick grasp of the situation here. Nor will Washington hesitate to press for any changes in the machinery in London which seem to the now powerfully staffed Embassy essential for speed and efficiency.

A Great Foreign Minister

THERE is a certain irony in the fact that M. Titulescu, one-time famous Roumanian foreign minister should have died the hour of greatest strain approaches in the Balkans. With the tide of events much of Titulescu's work has been carried away. Yet it is not so many years since those who knew him well were saying that his fame would have been world wide had he had the representation of a more powerful country.

All that is happening now he clearly foresaw. The Little Entente—Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Roumania—and the Balkan Entente—Roumania, Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey—were brought into being by him. The Franco-Russian Pact, devised to restrain Germany or at least to prevent Germany and Russia from coming to terms on a mutual partition of Europe, would never have been concluded but for his constant urgings and pressure in Paris. His struggle to bring Russia into a Black Sea pact, as a guarantor of the status quo in Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey and Greece failed. Indeed, his negotiations with Litvinoff, then all-powerful Soviet



Minister to Exiles

Mr. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, Jr., arrived in London twelve days ago to take up his appointment as U.S. Minister to the Governments in London of Poland, Belgium, Norway and the Netherlands. He was formerly American Ambassador to Poland, escaped from Warsaw in September, 1939, with his wife and stepdaughter, reaching Paris via Bucharest. On his latest trip to Europe he travelled by "Clipper" with Mr. Harriman

Foreign Commissar, did much to bring him into the disfavour of King Carol, whose hatred of Russia was greater even than his fear of Germany.

Titulescu had the most nimble mind I have ever encountered. He was an orator, too, of no mean order. His French was beautiful, his temper volcanic, and his habits of life peculiar. Particularly he disliked being obliged to rise in the morning or to go to bed at a reasonable hour. He felt the cold acutely, lived always in superheated suites, and slept under a mountain of blankets which would have suffocated most other human beings. But his taste in wines was very fine and, since he was compelled constantly to travel all over Europe, his cellar was well distributed. Some was kept at the Ritz in Paris, another cache lay in the Hotel des Bergues at Geneva. Yet other fine burgundies were to be found at Cap Martin and at St. Moritz. To stay with him in Roumania was an experience in comfort and luxury.

Putting Eire on the Map

IT will not surprise me to see Eire brought very much more into the limelight as one result of the Anglo-American alliance. More than ever now there will be a steady flow back and forth over the Atlantic of British and American missions and it seems unlikely that they will all be content to make the journey via Lisbon and the Clipper. Presumably the Foynes route will be opened again before long and then the people and ministers of Eire will have much greater opportunities for personal contact with the Americans and the Allies than they have at the present time.

Personally, I doubt whether Mr. Frank Aiken, the Eire Defence Minister, will have been able to achieve very much on his trip to Washington, where he is trying to obtain military equipment for his country. On the other hand Mr. de Valera has revealed to recent important visitors an increasing anxiety about the situation of his country; particularly over the fact that Irish-American opinion is far from sympathetic.

In all the circumstances I am inclined to think that he would welcome a personal



Transatlantic Co-ordinator

Mr. W. Averill Harriman saw Dr. Salazar in Portugal, so arrived in London a few days after his co-traveller, Mr. Biddle. He is now hard at work at the American Embassy dealing with the effect this side of the Atlantic of the Aid to Britain Bill. He is by profession a banker and railway executive, had already been working on defence problems for some time as a member of Mr. Roosevelt's committee of special advisers

invitation to visit the United States, and rumour has it that President Roosevelt may take an initiative in this sense before very long. Meantime Mr. de Valera may hear something of the Dominions' point of view on Eire neutrality from Mr. Menzies, the Australian Premier, who is going to do an important job for the Empire in the United States.

Dr. Salazar's Influence

BOTH Colonel William Donovan, outbound for America, and Mr. Harriman inward bound for Britain had a talk with Dr. Salazar, the Portuguese Premier, when they met in Lisbon. It is a fair guess that they wanted to discuss the provision of more food for Spain.

I have noted in this column before the close personal ties which exist between Dr. Salazar and General Franco. It is also no secret that America, before increasing food supplies to Spain would like to hear a more categorical statement of Spanish neutrality than has hitherto been given.

Dr. Salazar, knowing full well that Germany is toying with the idea of an attempted occupation of Portugal, either via Spain or by a landing from the sea, would doubtless be sympathetic to the idea that he should use his influence with General Franco finally to disown the pro-Axis policy of Señor Suñer, his Falangist Foreign Minister.

INCREASE IN PRICE

The rise in production costs has compelled the Proprietors of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER reluctantly to increase the price of this journal, starting with next week's issue, from 1s. to 1s. 3d.

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Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

IT makes it easier to get through this war if one declines—but that is too weak a word—if one refuses to believe that the good things of this world are in anything but abeyance, and a short-lived abeyance, too. I believe with all my heart and soul, and, what is even more important, with my full mind that the good little things of this world will return in their ease and plenitude.

It is not for a mere film-critic to blow the trumpet of the larger patriotism, to hymn the future of the larger liberties, and therefore I confine myself to the little enjoyments and graces of life—the Saturday afternoon cricket and football match, the modest dance-hall, the undisturbed holding of hands in little cinemas. Of British films there will always be more than enough, and I have never doubted the will and ability of Hollywood to lease and lend us a sufficiency of nonsense and flamboyance. What I should be concerned about, were it not for my resolute optimism, would be the films from France, that late and exquisite flowering of all that is best in our neighbours' outlook and spirit.

"CAN irony die?" asked Charles Lamb in a famous passage. I ask whether we can conceive a world shorn of the gay mockery

of Molière, the bitter persiflage of Voltaire and all that tradition of unsentimentalised wit of which the French films are the latest inheritors. And everything within me answers no. It would be interesting to learn which of all the pictures our neighbours have sent us has been generally preferred. My own choice would be *Le Rosier de Madame Husson*.

All I remember about this film is that it took place at Gisors, that the hero was called Isidore, and, of course, the marvellous plot conceived and written when Maupassant was at the height of his powers. It excites me to think that at the age of ten I could have read this story when it appeared in the columns of *La Nouvelle Revue*, and at this point the thought occurs to me that the volume containing this story should be given to every male child on attaining his tenth birthday. It should save him a whole puberty of priggishness. But I wander from the point, which is the malice, the charm, the unexpectedness and, above all, the naturalness of French films good and indifferent. The bad in this kind does not exist.

There is a moment in *Circonstances Atténuantes* (Studio One) which sums up all these qualities. The French know what the English have always denied—that the heyday in the blood of the most respectable matron is never

really tame. This, of course, is the reason why even in this country elderly women of revolting adiposity have themselves lugged round dance floors by sleek gigolos looking the other way. The matron in this French case is the wife of a judge. She is fifty if she is a day, and her frantic attempts to look forty result in her appearing to be sixty. Some day some beauty expert must explain to me why no woman has ever been able to grasp the first axiom in the philosophy of looks. This is: To hide is to draw attention, from which it follows that the only way to conceal age is to declare it.

BUT I must be getting back to the matron in our French film. She, poor fool, thought that the good-looking tough, with eyes like boot-buttons and hair like glacé kid, had fallen for her waning but carefully repaired charms. (Actually he was after her diamonds). So she prepared to surrender and as a preliminary lifted up her much-lifted face. And at that moment a funeral procession passed in the street below, and the tough, without "breaking" in the boxing sense, continued his simulated raptures but removed his hat.

Circonstances Atténuantes is perhaps not a very good picture. It can never quite make up its mind whether to be fact or fancy; the story of the judge who reforms a gang of criminals by putting himself at their head is at once too flimsy and insufficiently fantastic; and perhaps the picture is not as well acted as we have come to expect French films to be. But that it is head and shoulders above the stuff normally shown in British picture-houses nobody with any taste, or any sense of Gallic preposterousness, will deny.

THERE are periods in the world's history and places on the surface of this planet about which I will never, if I can help it, read, hear or see anything. At the words "Elector of Saxony" I sweat and shiver like a frightened horse. The same with America during the War of Independence. For years I did not read Thackeray's *The Virginians*, being under the impression that the scene of that work was laid in Virginia. Though experts assure me to the contrary I have still never dared to take the book down from my shelves.

Imagine my horror, then, when I discovered that *The Tree of Liberty* (Regal) was all about the stupidest page in English history. And why rake up all that old stuff now? I see, by the way, that Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh are to appear in a broadcast play on this same wearisome subject. Love among the Tea-chests. Or how two hearts, one British and one American, danced the Boston. The play is not yet written, and I pen this note in the hope that there is yet time to avert it.

HOWEVER, the Regal made amends with *Angels Over Broadway* which, because of Ben Hecht the director, and Thomas Mitchell the actor, is a thriller at once witty and exciting. There is almost a French touch in the way in which the guardian angel, having sobered up, leaves his protégé in a worse lurch than that in which he found him. Originally the poor boob was going to commit suicide in some easy, unspectacular way; now he looks like having his insides booted out and strewn around some gangster's apartment. However, Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., sees that it doesn't happen.

Yellow Caesar (New Gallery) is a disappointment. The portrait of Musso is not one-tenth as cruel or as amusing as that given in *The World In Flames*. I am cross at being so misled by over-enthusiastic notices.



"Angels Over Broadway"

An underworld drama centering in a crooked game of cards, when the story, dialogue, production and direction are all by Ben Hecht, is well above the usual Hollywood run. Chief players (left to right here) are Rita Hayworth as a café entertainer and decoy, Thomas Mitchell as a drunken playwright, Douglas Fairbanks, Jun., as the crook-hero, John Qualen as the "sucker" who is to be fleeced. Mr. Agate comments on "Angels Over Broadway" this week: it went to the Regal ten days ago



Viscount Cowdray, who lost his left arm during service abroad with the B.E.F. Flight-Lieutenant and Mrs. Flight-Lieutenant were amongst those who saw Sir Malcolm Hobhouse's Seneca win the Champion Hurdle Challenge Cup, while Miss Paget's odds-on favourite, Solford, finished last



Major the Earl of Haddington watched some of the excellent racing with Mrs. John Ward and Mrs. John Davie



Captain Ivo Reid, Irish Guards, was accompanied by his attractive wife, formerly Miss Armida Macindoe

Racing at Cheltenham

The First Day
of the National
Hunt Meeting



The Earl of Lewes was snapped with Mrs. George Lowther and his wife, who is a daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. J. F. Harrison



Lady Willoughby de Broke and Captain Lionel Cecil saw the splendid racing in Cheltenham's first day's programme



Mr. FitzHerbert walked to the stands with the Hon. Sheila Digby, Lord and Lady Digby's second daughter. Her elder sister Pamela married Mr. Randolph Churchill



A newly married couple seen together were Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. James Innes. Before her marriage in January she was the Hon. Nefertari Bethell



Major Mitchell marked his card with Lady Helena Hilton-Green. Mervyn Jones, rider of Bogskar at the National last year, won his first race this season

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"New Faces" (Apollo)

RE-ENTER *New Faces*. With some new faces and some (the best of them) not so new. With some fresh material and some (again the best of it) not so fresh. And the same lively, up-and-growing, star-in-the-making, cheerful, clever air of well-drilled irresponsibility that proved so popular a year ago.

This revue, which is much better than most, departed for the provinces when the blitz broke out. A pronouncement on the programme, signed by Messrs. Eric Maschwitz, Archie Parnell and Jack Davies, explicitly states that the original production was firmly installed when the blitz dislodged it. Away, very naturally and reasonably and understandably, it went. No complaint against that. But, in the circumstances, all these exciting months having been spent far from the metropolis, is it quite appropriate that one of the new numbers should be a song in which an old London cabby wins applause by explaining that, blitz or no blitz, there's something so deeply endearing about London he just couldn't bear to leave it? Included, by the way, in the attractions listed are the starlings cheeping by St. Paul's and the smell of tar, fried fish, and roses. Distinctly an æsthetic cabby. I might have liked him better if he had not patted himself so affectionately on the back.

"GIVE yourself a pat on the back, pat on the back, pat on the back." So ran the refrain of a popular old music-hall ditty. This

advice is something too directly followed at the Apollo in the new edition of *New Faces*, which opens with a fresh set of verses for the stage-door keeper in which he describes how these young people fared forth into the unknown, daring danger to amuse the masses. The statement is an indisputable matter of fact. We know that there has been danger not only in London but all over the place. If, however, praise is to be bestowed, would not the bestowal be better left to others?

Imagine, if you can, a revue got up and performed by the troops, beginning with a prologue in which serious attention is called to the bravery of the soldier's calling! I could not help wondering what the soldiers in the audience thought of that stage-door keeper's prologue. Possibly there were only one or two who thought: Well, well, civilians will be civilians. Probably the rest didn't think twice about it, since thinking twice is not a notable part of military training.

ANOTHER pat on the back was observable in the compère's introduction to the song about the nightingale in Berkeley Square. You would think, from the reverential gravity of the compère's address, that there never had been such a song in all musical history. He reminds us that nearly a year has passed since that memorable first night on which Miss Judy Campbell sang it for the first time. He announces that Miss Judy Campbell will now sing it just as she sang it on that memorable



Judy Campbell—a nightingale in Berkeley Square

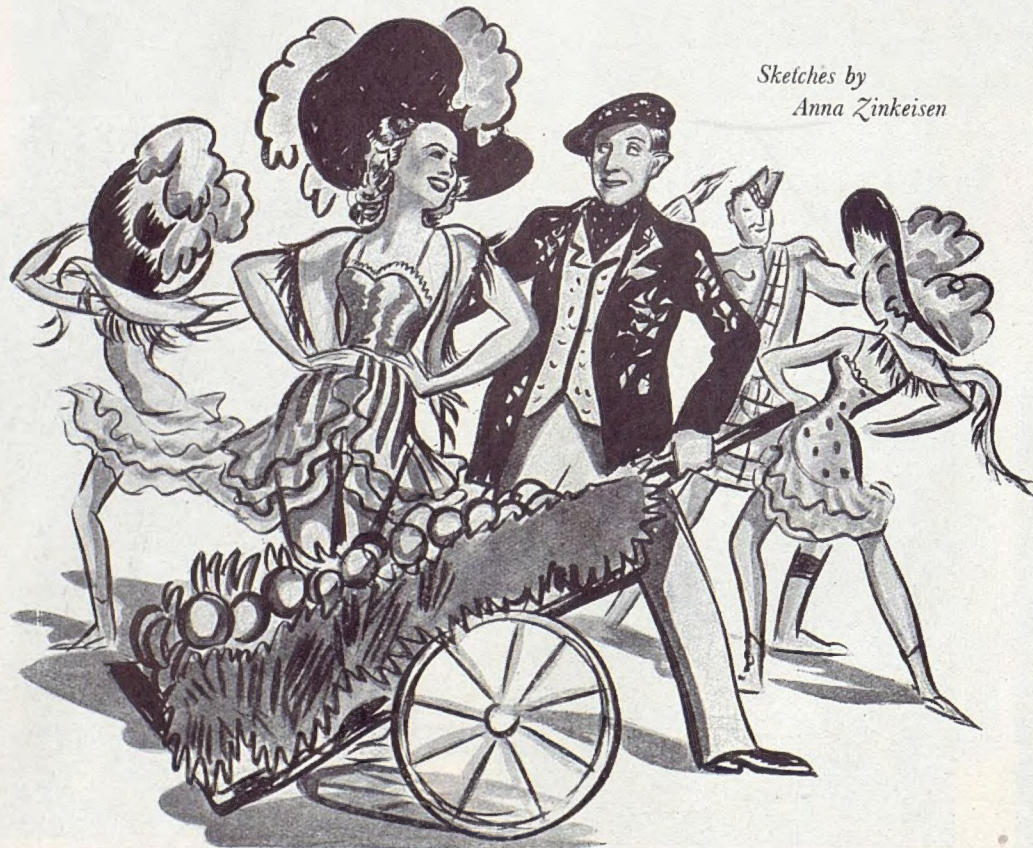
first night, which will go down in history as April the Eleventh (I think), Nineteen Hundred and Forty. After such a preamble, the song, which is a good song of its class, has a hard fight to justify itself. Miss Campbell sings it as well as she ever did. But her best chance goes for a good deal less than it should because it has been heralded as so much more than it is.

BACK-PATting, however, apart, *New Faces* remains a gay, debonair, intelligent, unpretentious affair, apt to be troublesome whenever it is sentimental, but equally apt to be amusing whenever it is not. Mr. Charles Hawtrey in his spy sketch is still deliciously feminine. Mr. Hawtrey again and Mr. Bill Fraser are still first-rate in the sketch showing how hit numbers are churned out. Mr. Fraser again and Miss Betty Ann Davies still execute caricatures worthy of Fougasse in the pick-up sketch.

And Miss Davies again, and again, and again, whether as an infant monstrosity reciting a fairy poem, or as a symphonic dancer putting a spoke in the wheels of bogus expressionism, or as a tough blonde after a tough night, shows what a treasure of an artist she is.

But why, oh why, has Miss Davies gone and blonded her hair? Does she really want to look like one of ten thousand god-forsaken, gold-digging incompetents? If so, she almost—but, thank heaven, not quite—succeeds.

WHY, finally, isn't the name of Mr. Hedley Briggs anywhere to be found on the programme? I thought he produced the show. I thought he designed most of the costumes and all the scenes not designed by Mr. Josef Carl (whose name isn't on the programme either). Wasn't he as much responsible as anybody for the success of *New Faces*? And is he really less important than the firm that supplied the no-doubt excellent cigarettes?



Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen

"New Faces": a new number—Zoe Gail and Eric Micklewood in "Costa Rhumba"



A bumpkin playwright comes to town to see his first play produced, falls in love with the star, the play's a success, and he marries the star. Here Gaylord Esterbrook, the playwright (James Stewart), finds himself sitting next Linda Paige, the star (Rosalind Russell), at the first rehearsal

No Time for Comedy was first of all a play by Sam Behrman, which Katharine Connell produced in New York. Then it went to Hollywood, where it was rewritten and made into a film under William Keighley's direction. Then the play came to England and has been touring the provinces with an English cast. Now both play and film have arrived in London. At the Warner Theatre (where *The Prime Minister* is also running) *No Time for Comedy* can be seen (from Friday) with James Stewart, in yet another coming-to-town role, and Rosalind Russell as the stars. And at the Haymarket it can be seen (from to-morrow) with Rex Harrison and Diana Wynyard leading the cast of the play as Behrman wrote it



Amanda Swift (Genevieve Tobin), wife of a multi-millionaire, Philo Swift (Charlie Ruggles), "discovers" the young playwright (James Stewart), wants him to write a play with a "message"

"No Time for Comedy"

A Stage Success as Hollywood
Has Filmed It

(See also pp. 462-3)



Playwright Gaylord falls deep into the toils of Amanda (Genevieve Tobin), writes a highbrow play to please her, borrows a Congreve title for it ("The Way of the World"), but in spite of that it is a flop



Faithful Linda (Rosalind Russell), who, when Gaylord nearly marries Amanda, herself nearly marries Amanda's husband, sticks by her straying playwright when his luck is out, and the story has a happy ending

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

From Hertfordshire

THE St. Albans Farmers' Ball, of which the profits were divided equally between the Royal Agricultural Benevolent Society and the Red Cross, was a good date in these parts lately. It happened in St. Albans Town Hall, and a full moon night was specially chosen to help black-out difficulties. The white ties and tails of the farmers were pleasantly pre-war among the uniforms who attended, too.

Mr. "Billy" Cooper was among the people there. He is late Master of the South Hertfordshire Hounds (North and South Herts, formerly two packs, are now one), and used to hunt hounds himself. He was very keen about introducing Welsh blood into the pack, as Hertfordshire is notoriously a cold-scenting country. He was in Australia at the beginning of the war, looking after the interests of his firm, who make sheep-dip and animal insecticides of all kinds.

Mrs. Kemp, whose husband is in the Air Force, was noticeable among the lovelies. She is staying with her in-laws at Mackerye End, a delightful little hamlet near Harpenden. Miss Briggs, from Darston Manor, which was a hackney stud when owned by Mr. Bourne, was enjoying a night-off from her V.A.D. work.

More Local Celebrities

ALSO enjoying himself was Mr. Geoffrey Hartopp, the well-known pre-war point-to-point rider. He is local President of the National Farmers' Union, as was his father-in-law, Mr. Hertz, who breeds and races bloodstock, and whose farm is near Knebworth, on Lord Lytton's estate. Mrs. Hartopp was a small but successful breeder of dachshunds and airedales.

Mr. Campbell farms part of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's estate, and brought his attractive

wife and daughter; Mr. Legerton, who farms near Colney Heath, missed his dinner, as he was on the Bench until late. His small daughter has won almost every prize for jumping and horsemanship in the country.

Mr. Wynn Parry, K.C., is amusing, and was making the most of the party. He was formerly Field Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, and lives at Hatching Green. He joined up at the beginning of the war, but was subsequently spun for defective sight in one eye, so is back on the old job, which lately included the Rothschild case.

Major Motion, who has been Joint-Master of the hounds with Colonel Part since Mr. Cooper gave up two seasons ago, is now retiring, and Colonel Part is carrying on alone.

Taunton Races

THIS meeting was held in brilliant sunshine. There was quite a large attendance and plenty of runners. Notabilities in the paddock included Lady Ilchester, and her daughter-in-law, Lady Stavordale, who was wearing bright blue and a scarlet felt hat. Lady Slade was there; her husband, Sir Alfred, used to hunt the Avon Vale, and is now back in the Scots Guards.

Everyone was delighted to see Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, gay and charming as ever, and very little the worse for her recent bombing experience, though her left arm was still in a sling. Apparently a falling bit gashed it and severed an artery. Sean Magee, who was in their party, and who rode two winners at Taunton, snatched her up very promptly, and carried her outside. In the darkness and confusion her husband did not know she was safe, and spent some time frantically searching for her among the wreckage by the light of a small electric torch.

Men at the races included Major Jones-Mortimer, who hunts a lot with the Taunton Vale; Major Parks, who used to ride in most of the local point-to-points; and Mr. Rupert Incedon-Webber, on a week's leave from his gun-site.

Night Life

NIGHT life was quite unabated the week following the "famous restaurant" disaster. If people want to enjoy themselves and forget the war, they jolly well do, and upstairs night clubs are as full as downstairs restaurants, the quality of the entertainment being what people go for rather than the problematical safety of their own skins. Whether in the bowels (to use a coarse cliché) of the May Fair, where Lord Poulett was among those dancing to Jack Jackson's band and listening to the slick cabaret of Jack and Eddie Eden, or the second floor rooms of Le Suivi or La Conga, the crowds were as large as ever.

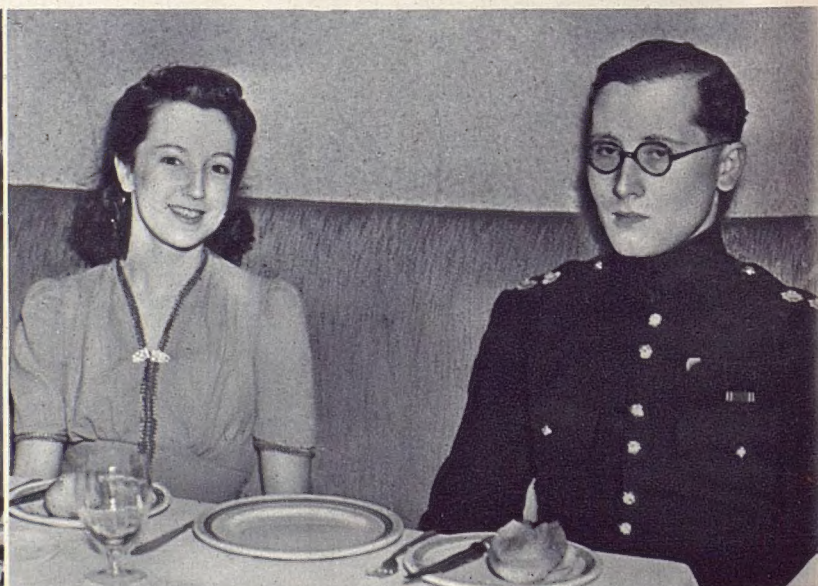
At La Conga lots of the customers are always ready to lengthen the cabaret by contributing turns of their own, and certainly battle-dress conceals many a hot pianist or husky singer.

Among the non-performing public there last week were Lady Carlisle with a party; Mr. Brian Howard with one, too; Mr. Michael Worthington in khaki, and Jack and Daphne Barker, well-known cabaret people having an ordinary, quiet evening out for once.

People About

LADY SEAFIELD and her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, were out at a party last week. She was wearing nice silver foxes, and talking to Mr. Charles Harding, smart in khaki. Commander Opie and Commander Bailey were there, too, looking as bluff, fit and jolly as sailors should.

Mr. Derek Tangye left his uniform hat at another party, and Mr. John Steegmann his notecase, curious oversights in both cases. Miss Audrey Drake, from Devonshire, was hatless. She is one of several beautiful sisters, of whom the eldest, Margaret, now dead, married a Fitzroy, and was the mother of the seven-year-old future Lord Southampton. Miss Mary Collins had a cute number in hats, precariously perched, and Miss Diana Witherby was very slim and blonde in a neat coat and skirt.



Night Life in London: Dining and Dancing at the Lansdowne

The Hon. David St. Clair Erskine, a Second-Lieutenant in the Royal Scots, was dining at the Lansdowne with Countess Nankowska. He is a younger brother of Lady Rosabelle Brand and Lady Mary Dunn, and uncle of the twenty-three-year-old Earl of Rosslyn, who succeeded his grandfather in 1939.

Miss Christian Grant of Monymusk was having supper at the Lansdowne with Lieut. Lord Leveson, Coldstream Guards, the only son of Earl and Countess Granville, of Government House, Isle of Man. He is a nephew of the Queen, his mother being the second daughter of the Earl of Strathmore.

Swaebe



An Evening at the May Fair

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. James Garland Emmet spent an evening at the May Fair. He is in the Life Guards, and was a well-known steeplechase rider before the war. His wife was formerly the Hon. Jocelyne Portman, is the younger sister of Viscount Portman. They live at Moreton Morrell, in Warwickshire, and have three sons and a daughter

Mr. Barney Cox works in the House of Commons, and gets about a bit in between times. Mr. Tony Wood is in Air Force uniform, with the dainty brass "VR" on the lapel. Another Wood, not related, is Mr. Eric Harcourt Wood, who always used to be everywhere—race meetings, parties, Ireland, in aeroplanes, and so on. Now he is at an O.C.T.U., with a half-day once a week and an occasional short week-end.

Miss Lorretta Hope-Nicholson manages to look very flourishing and un-got-down by everything.

Horrid Experience

AIR MARSHAL SIR CHRISTOPHER and Lady Courtney had a nasty evening when a bomb hit the block in which they have a flat. They were in the kitchen at the time—like most intelligent people, Lady Courtney is good at cooking—and all the doors flew open, windows blew in, and bricks, mortar, glass, and the contents of shelves and cupboard crashed all around them. Both were luckily unhurt, although the back part of the building was wrecked from top to bottom. Lady Courtney fainted, but within half an hour was groping among the debris outside to enquire about friends in the neighbourhood. She suffered rather badly from shock later on, but has remained in London with Sir Christopher, who is working very hard at the Air Ministry.

Their daughter, Valerie (Mrs. Charles Bickford), was luckily away in the country at the time.

Cook's Tours and Politics

At a party last week Sir Robert Bird, shaking his head over the frail stretch-case the League of Nations has become, recalled a suggestion of Mr. Harold Nicolson's that the whole thing should be converted into a colossal international Cook's Tour. The idea was that representatives of all countries should be pushed off on cruises together, so that real intimacy and understanding might be established. Not chosen representatives of the countries concerned, none of your suave young gentlemen, whose mothers have brought them up to be velvety diplomats from the beginning, but quite random butchers, bakers and commodity

makers, typical of ordinary cruises, but of opposing languages instead of merely accents.

Quite a pretty idea, but the general opinion of cruises actually is that they are about the most clique-making things possible, and although huge intimacies may spring up, they quite often turn into, or give rise to, just as huge enmities so that nations who had been up on the poop deck with each other's wives might be much readier to hate one another than if they had never met.

New Biography

MR. ALAN CAMPBELL-JOHNSON has written a book about Lord Halifax, which is coming out soon. It is called, plainly, *Viscount Halifax*, and there should be plenty, and

pleasant, scope for the biographer.

People always tell novelists that they never read a novel, only books about real people and happenings, such as biographies and travel memories. If true, this should mean great popularity for a biography with such an interesting subject.

Mr. Campbell-Johnson is quite young, and has a job at the B.B.C. His wife is a pretty, small brunette, and is a sister of lovely Mrs. Ian Lubbock. An ancestor of theirs was the Count de la Tour, who ran away with a beautiful nun—or perhaps one should say that the beautiful nun ran away with him.

Players

THE Players' Theatre Club is as packed as ever. A comparatively new thing is

the delightful fresco by Topolski all over one wall. It is of Covent Garden in the last century, and a lovely hurly-burly he has made of it. The nicest part of his things is their curliness; he presents perfectly clear, lifelike pictures that are at the same time as madly curly as if they were quite abstract.

Mr. Alec Clunes was very funny indeed got up as an old character-actor and making hoot-raising remarks, and ending up with a lovely recitation, in two sorts of voice, about a charming burglar and a foul little girl with a doll's house.

Another good laugh was someone as a perfectly furious murderer, who comes on and describes his crime. He damns everybody's eyes, and says how he walloped his victim on the head with a bloody great piece of lead. So it goes on, more and more lurid. A scream.

For more or less innocuous titters, Miss Joanna Horder sings that dear little song about the Duke of York and his men marching up and down hill.

Ballet Aspirants

MISS FELICITY WATT is the daughter of Mrs. Bertha Watt, whose first husband, Commander Prowse, went down in the Queen Elizabeth in the Battle of Jutland in the last war. Miss Watt was a member of Mme. Marie Rambert's ballet company at the Mercury Theatre. She recently toured the U.S.A. as a member of the Massine ballet company, and danced at hundreds of American towns. She sometimes appears at the Players' Theatre Club, and keeps up her dancing at the Buddy Bradley School of Dancing: is young, pretty and blonde.

Mr. Mervyn de Vere is just eighteen, and has learnt dancing in Paris with the remains of the Petersburg Imperial School of Ballet there, and was also with the Ballets Jooss until, at the outbreak of war, he flew back to London, where he has been at the Sadler's Wells school. He enjoys jitterbug dancing, too, which few people in this country seem to have the energy for.



A Trio at the Races

The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy, Miss Pamela Mooney and Miss Olivia O'Brien, all keen race-goers, were at Baldoye races to see Lord Queenborough's Sen win the Baldoye Chase from St. Martin, who won the Red Cross Chase the week before. The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ogilvy, who married the Earl of Airlie's brother in 1931, and her sister, Miss Olivia O'Brien, are the daughters of Mr. R. W. O'Brien, of Bank of Ireland House, Drogheda



Pool, Dublin

Two More at Baldoye

Sec.-Lieut. Dicky Prichard-Jones watched the racing with Mrs. Bill Bracken. Mr. Prichard-Jones is the second son of the late Sir John Prichard-Jones and Lady Louth. Mrs. Bracken's husband is in the Queen's Royal Regiment, and is a world-famous skier, who for five seasons was British skiing champion and Captain of the British International team

Wedding of the Week

The Marquess of Huntly and the
Hon. Pamela Berry



The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. Douglas Gordon, and the bride's father, Lord Kemsley, left the church together. Mrs. Gordon's husband, Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, died in 1930. The bride's mother, Lord Kemsley's first wife, died in 1928. Lord Kemsley is chairman of Allied Newspapers, and editor-in-chief of the "Sunday Times"

Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Patrick Leatham represented another branch of the Berry family. She is the youngest daughter of the late Lord Buckland. Her husband is in the 10th Royal Hussars



The Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly

Lieut. Lord Huntly, the Gordon Highlanders, and the Hon. Mary Pamela Berry, only daughter of Lord Kemsley, were married at St. Mary's, Farnham Royal, with Gordon Highlander pipers to play them out of the church, and a reception afterwards at Farnham Park, Lord Kemsley's home. Miss Berry wore white, with a gold-and-pearl-embroidered bodice, carried an ivory-bound Prayer Book, had no attendants. Lord Adam Gordon was best man to his brother. Lord Huntly succeeded his great-uncle as twelfth Marquess in 1937

Lady Mary Berry, P.O. the Hon. Langton and Mrs. Iliffe, and Sec.-Lt. Michael Renshaw walked to the reception together. Lady Mary Berry, the Marquess of Brecknock's daughter, married one of the bride's brothers last year. Mr. Iliffe, Lord Iliffe's elder son, married Lady Kemsley's niece, Miss Renée Merandon du Plessis





The Hon. Mrs. Roger Chetwode, her sister, the Hon. Diana Berry, and Lord and Lady Camrose were some of the many Berrys at the wedding. Lord Camrose is Lord Kemsley's brother, and Mrs. Chetwode and Miss Berry are his two youngest daughters



The Hon. Denis Berry, one of the bride's six brothers, had leave for the wedding and came with his wife and elder daughter. He is Lord Kemsley's second son and is in an Anti-Aircraft Regiment. His wife was Miss Rosemary Rothschild before their 1934 wedding



Miss Mary Needham, in uniform, went to the wedding with her father, Major the Hon. Francis Needham, the Earl of Kilmorey's brother

Admiral of the Fleet Lord and Lady Chatfield were two more guests. He is chairman of the Committee which awards the George Cross and George Medal



Captain the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Rhys went down to Farnham for the Huntly-Berry wedding. He is Lord Dynevor's eldest son



Miss Ghislaine Dresselhuys, Lady Kemsley's daughter by her first marriage to Mr. Cornelius Dresselhuys, was with Sec.-Lieut. Lord Vaughan, the Earl of Lisburne's son, and Sec.-Lieut. Ian Farquhar



Captain the Hon. Nicholas and Mrs. Villiers were also guests. He is the Earl of Clarendon's son



Major Lord and Lady Edward Hay took Lady Edward's daughter, Miss Pete Birkin, with them to the wedding. Miss Birkin's father was the famous racing motorist, the late Sir Henry Birkin

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE Beau Monde, unless we err damnably, has made few pilgrimages of late years to Swansea, where the birthplace of the great Mr. Nash, Dictator of Bath and Arbiter of British Elegance, perished in the recent violent bombings.

The Beau Monde is probably right. Modern Swansea, if we may say so delicately without incurring the anger of the hairy and passionate natives, is no Arcadian resort, and we doubt if in its turn it gives a hoot for its most famous and dandified citizen, whom it would probably describe nowadays with the Welch for "sissy," monstrously unjust as that would be.

It was Beau Nash's imperious old Swansea blood, though you'd never guess it from that smirking periwigged image in the Pump Room at Bath, which enabled him to quell rebellious duchesses for years with a single frown and to tear the French apron off the great petulant Lady Something-or-other in public Assembly, flinging it to the waiting-women and declaring he would not tolerate such rubbish in the Rooms. The wealthy and weary liked being bullied then as now. As Chesterton says in that grand detective-

story *The Queer Feet*, if there were an exclusive West End hotel refusing admittance to any man under six feet tall, Society would meekly make up parties of six-foot men to dine there. So Mr. Nash got away with anything he fancied, and Swansea ought to be proud of giving birth to a chap who ruled the rulers of England much more despotically than King George.

Footnote

YEARS after Nash, Brummel was the last great Society ringmaster and terrorist, and nobody has ever taken his place. Poets, small dogs, jazzband conductors, monkeys, actors, inventors of easy new religions, all-in wrestlers, Bloomsbury contortionists, novelists exercise a brief, uneasy, feverish, wobbling sway over rich women and are soon thrown out on their ear. It is extremely sad, if such things make you extremely sad.

Nightmare

FROM that simple, impartial, terrible little Diary of a Staff Officer over which so many chaps are shuddering—it reminds us of one of those childhood nightmares in which you are trying to escape with clogged legs from a faceless monster pursuing you slowly through an endless bog, or alternatively, of the relentless Calvinistic march of Greek Tragedy—two passages stick in our hollow mind. The first underlines the fact that the first troops to chuck it in under dive-bombing on the Maginot Line were the Parisian contingents, the second refers significantly to the "soldiers' committees" set up in the French Army by the egregious Blum in 1936.

After reflection nobody who knows the "Red Ring" round Paris could be greatly surprised. (There were also a few ancient murky streets round St. Merri where the comrades were vivacious and it was not safe to walk alone at night.) In every wineshop in these quarters for years the talk has been of the Grand Soir, when the bourgeoisie shall be "zigouillé" in large quantities, a prospect causing rat-like faces to glow with ferocious mirth.

Urge

THE Parisian proletariat has many admirable qualities, a pert cynical courage among



"These air raids are upsetting my nerves, Doctor"

them, but round the Red zone one had no need to be a Blimp to realise of recent years that numbers of those boys had their own ideas about the next European upheaval, and that fighting Germany for Western civilisation was not one of them.

Listening to the chatter of Left Wing intellectuals, we often longed to haul these dreamers over to Montrouge and rub their noses in the real thing. For the "intelligentsia" are first on the comrades' list for the high jump, if they did but know it.

Gift

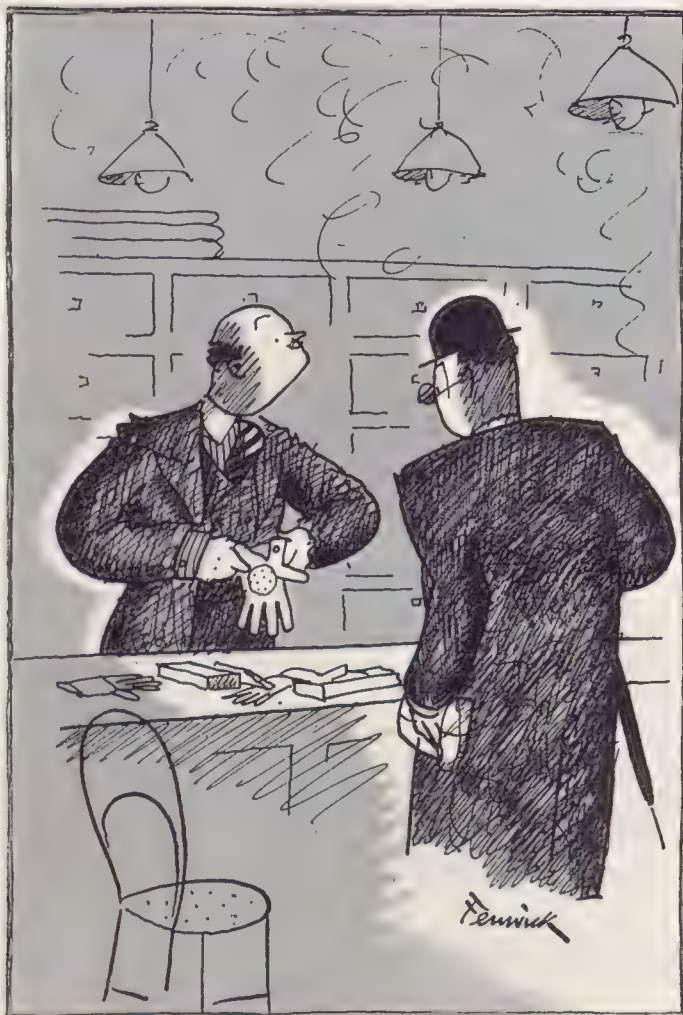
THAT forthcoming extra hour of Summer Time is not upsetting Arcadia as much as you'd think. The hayseed pan is just a little glummer and more inscrutable than usual, and a rugged calm prevails.

The inconveniences, apart from milking and overtime problems, to be endured by the farmer for the factories' sake are too obvious to mention, and there is no further need to-day for all those half-baked maiden ladies to rush into print denouncing interference with "God's time," as they did when Mr. Willett's daring scheme was first experimented with. Arcadia doesn't object in principle to two extra hours of working time, but our dumb chums undoubtedly will, since they live by the sun, and the prospect of having cattle and hens fooling round the fields till nearly 11 p.m. and waking again at 3 a.m. is more interesting than agreeable.

Short of fitting all livestock with smoked-glass spectacles at the normal retiring hour and making noises like a sunset, we can't think of any way out.

Cows would be easy to fool in this way; the reactions of poultry are less predictable. Hens have very suspicious, cruel faces, like Big Business men, but may be just as easy to deceive. In other words, there may be hens who despite their frightening appearance are born suckers, as in the world of la haute finance, and the rest of the hen-house would follow them.

If you've ever seen a flock of hens, or financiers rushing up and down and trying to rob a colleague who has picked up something good, you'll see how right we are.



"And if you're picking up an incendiary, sir, or anything like that, you have the double palm"

Festa

NEW YORK drives New Yorkers so frantic that we weren't a bit amazed to find one of the papers describing the citizenry, a million or so of whom were forced to walk in the snow or cram into the Subway during a recent bus strike, as "grumbling loudly." We could hear them from here in about fifteen languages, not counting Yiddish and bad.

The Subway, which is faster, louder, and more dirty than London's Underground (advt.), sends New Yorkers crazy at ordinary times, so what it must be like in one long maniac rush-hour, with enormous leather-lunged officials hurling and packing the demented populace into the trains, must be something Dantesque. Normally, the rush-hour on our own Underground or even the Paris Métro is a Rectory tea in comparison. On the late Saturday night trains there may be a few merry sailors aboard, or maybe a citizen or two with a touch of dingo, making everything brighter. About one-third of New York's populace have a permanent dingo, but they seem more.

You'd expect the Moscow Underground to be the most emotional system of all, full of ravings and sobs and duels and wild Slav agony, but a traveller tells us the Muscovites are reverently proud of their Underground, which is only about ten years old, speak of it in hushed voices, and keep asking foreigners satirically when the rest of the world will have one.

Chum

OYSTERS may before long vanish from this country's tables, according to one of those "experts." Something to do with French beds, like a Palais-Royal farce, is the reason he gave.

The social history of the oyster in Great Britain is interesting. Dr. Johnson fed his cat Hodge on them and they were a staple food of the Victorian poor (compare *Oliver Twist*, the Walrus and the Carpenter, etc., etc.) like fish-and-chips to-day. They left off being cheap and plentiful towards the end of the century and steadily soared up and past the middle classes, till now they are among the luxury-foods with which stock-brokers feed little actresses at the Savoy, hoping for a sincere glance from those false killing orbs.

Contrariwise, another toothsome dumb friend, the edible snail, bred carefully on vineleaves by the Romans and devoured by epicures abroad ever since with enormous relish, has sunk so low in the estimation of the Island Race that nobody will look at him, and round Hadrian's Wall in Cumberland you can still see the direct descendants of the original Roman snails walking aimlessly about, cut by the craggy natives and honoured with attention only by the birds.

Compare, again, the giddy social rise of the kipper, once the lowliest of fish and now one of the main supports of bottle-parties at ten shillings a crack, or

fifteen if you're drunk enough. All these things are a mystery to us, and so incidentally is the vogue of Gipsy Tabouis.

Finale

BRITISH music-lovers, we find, hardly realise even yet the blow they suffer by the death of Sir Walford Davies, who for so long coaxed the Race over the air in his rich, cosy voice, as a skilful horse-breaker soothes a terrified stallion. The words "Chamber-Music," as everybody knows, still throw 95 per cent. of the B.B.C. public into an instant panic-sweat; its ears go back, the whites of its eyes gleam ominously; and it starts dripping foam and lashing out viciously at one and all, mad with fear. The late Master of the King's Musick was able by art-magic to cajole thousands, probably, into the belief that listening to some kinds of real music, at least, is not a foretaste of hell, and that the agony of having to think about music as about other things is less terrible than people say.

England, left off being a strongly musical nation—yes, yes, wait for it—at the Industrial Revolution, when Big Business decided that all glees and rounds and catches and chanties and lovely old country airs were uneconomic and must be stopped; so to-day sea-chanties are sung by refined persons in evening clothes and folksongs by cultivated persons in pince-nez. Yet up to about 1830 even cricketers sang nightly in chorus!

If you can't believe this—and we don't blame you—look in some time at the Bat and Ball Inn on Broad Halfpenny Down, Hambledon, Hants. That historic little bowing-ken still echoes with ghostly melody, as when old Nyren led the song.

Experience

IF this incident, apparently normal, doesn't purge you with admiration and dread, nothing will. A harmless officer we heard of was recently dining for the first time in an A.T.S. mess, the only man among dozens (or it may have been thousands) of women. At the end of dinner he was startled by a stern female voice at his elbow crying loudly: "Miss Vice! The King!" Instantly up sprang Miss Vice-President, fine eyes flashing, martial heels clicking, and boomed: "Gentleman and Ladies—the King!" Collapse after Loyal Toast, as the *Punch* boys would say, of Shattered Military Party.

Reprieve

VICHY, which finds itself in the deplorable position of having formally to punish Frenchmen who are fighting to deliver France, has given René Clair back his citizenship, on the grounds that he went to America not to escape but to do artistic work.

This looks like a possible let-out for those of our own intellectual (to coin a word) and artistic exiles in America, about whom a lot of sourpusses are still complaining. "Dermatologists," or experts in the care of the skin, is a word we've seen applied to some of these boys, rather harshly.

Up to now the British Colony in Hollywood, at least, has been able to take a firm legal stand on neutrality, enabling it to help Great Britain in every way short of actually going to war. This deprives the boys of a few privileges—e.g., that of being wrapped, when they die, in the old Gaumont-British flag—but if they are ready to suffer gladly thus for conscience sake we don't see that anybody has the right to heave a rock at them.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"That's Mr. Fisher—he's just returned from a special course?"



Garden group at Mrs. Benjamin Rogers's house on Lake Worth are Mr. Thorn Kissel, Mrs. Seton Lindsay, an eloquent War Relief speaker, Mrs. Paulding Fosdick, Palm Beach hostess, and Mr. Harvey S. Ladew.

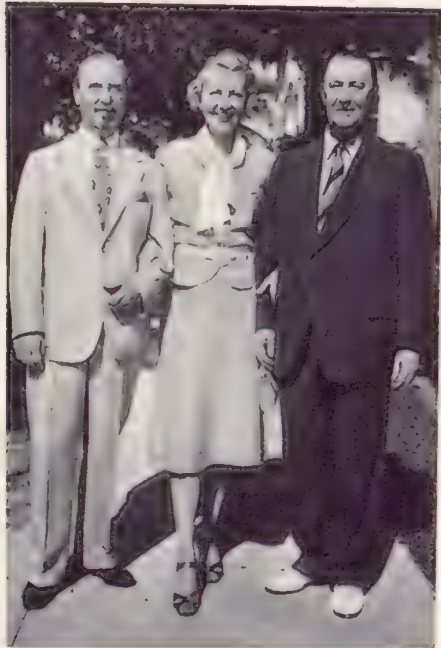
THE TATLER
AND BYSTANDER
MARCH 26, 1941

Lunching at the Chambord, Palm Beach's new French restaurant, are Mr. Walter Carey, a well-known broker, and Mrs. Kay Danckla, who is judged one of the most fascinating of Philadelphians.



Letter From Palm Beach

By Pamela Murray



Bearded wit is Mr. Schuyler Parsons, a decorator by profession. He is with Mr. and Mrs. John Moffat, she American, he a wealthy Scot who lived in France till last summer.

THIS anecdote is making table talk in the patois. An important friend of William Knudsen; the director of American armament, pitched into him in front of several Washingtonians, for not having accomplished much in spite of his rapidly multiplying organisation of supposedly high-powered executives. After hearing him out, the Scandinavian-bred labour expert murmured: "Well, no matter how many doctors and nurses a woman hires, it still takes her nine months to make a baby."

A LOCAL story concerns a middle-aged English Adonis who had a good World-War record, but is spending this bout with his beautiful American-born wife at Palm Beach. An American woman next to him at a dinner party hinted that, in spite of his grey hairs, he ought not to confine his war effort to charity work. Somewhat nettled, he asked what her husband—a young Dane—is doing. She replied: "Oh, Axel is terribly busy, waiting for his citizenship papers."

This remark rapidly became a byword of the 1941 season. To anyone slacking, or even refusing to play golf, some wag is sure to say: "I know, you're terribly busy waiting for your citizenship papers."

TO my mind, the most beautiful thing about Palm Beach is the way ships pass all day and all night, one after another, mostly tramps and tankers, some camouflaged to look like sailing ships, all going the same way—south—between the shore and the Gulf Stream seven miles out. By starlight there is nothing more romantic than this glow-worm procession.

Not all are bound for the Gulf; some dock at Kingston, Jamaica, whence I hear that various intrepid regulars have returned to "Doctors' Cave," the Casa Blanca beach at Montego Bay. Several Americans and Canadians stayed away, frightened by tales of a hostile submarine (which turned out to be Baron Maurice de Rothschild swimming in the tweed cape he used to wear at Longchamp), while others preferred to fly down—"flying for safety" being a slogan born of this war.

The Dunscombes, Lord of the Manor in their Spanish house; the pencil "king," John Reckford, and his ambitious wife, "Aileen"; the Keillers; the Rogers; Margaret Biggs and the Dumbels, were all back again, exactly where cruising Britons remember them. But the Gordon-Kirkpatricks, the Archie Crabbes and Ralph Hope-Vere are much missed.

MISS SCHIAPARELLI—"Gogo," née Marisa—who drove an ambulance in France last year, is going to marry Robert Berenson, a young American who belongs to the Racquet Club in New York, the Travellers', Paris, and to the Grace Line, where he works.

Since "Schiap" was obliged to return to Paris over a month ago (the Germans having said "or else" to Elsa, who, loyal to her work-people, had to go), her daughter has been living with Miss Dolly Richards, sister of young Mrs. Pershing, whose recent baby made "Busybee" Bache a great-grandfather and General Pershing a grandfather. "Gogo" and Dolly are expected

at Mr. Bache's La Colmena (which means "Beehive") in Palm Beach.

ANOTHER engaged girl down here is the Parisian beauty, Margery de Wardener, staying at Charlie Munn's. She prefers long days in a fishing-boat to bridge teas in P.B., which is not to be wondered at, because her heart is in Singapore with the fortunate "Mo" de Mier, whose brother "Sas" married Mrs. "Patsy" Richardson a couple of years ago.

Margery has had no news of her mother, who remained in Paris. But her great friend and a great beauty, Mme. Alain de Rothschild (née Mary Chauvin du Treilul), was captivating Palm Beach with her air d'une princesse lointain.

AT the Chambord, a new place to lunch and dine, the rule of the house is to make wine-bibbers sign each bottle as they empty it. Among autographs thus collected at the John Moffats' lunch-party were those of T. Morrison Carnegie, good-looking grandson of the Scots-born billionaire, and Mrs. Ethel Broadwater, lately of Paris, where she owns the magnificent apartment furnished for Grand Duke Dmitri and Audrey Emery on their marriage. The Germans have not touched her possessions, but when America comes in she confidently expects to lose the lot.

Later that sunny day, socialites were reunited at Mrs. Stotesbury's tea in honour of Lord and Lady Marley, who had been the principal guests at "The Beekeepers of America" dinner for the British-American Ambulance Corps.

PEOPLE at El Mirasol included General Sir Sydney Lawford, late of the Royal Fusiliers and of the French Riviera (which reminds me, Commodore and Mrs. Louis Beaumont of Antibes, and Sir George and Lady Bettsworth-Piggott of Monte Carlo have turned up), and Mrs. Donohue, and Captain "Bob" Amcotts Wilson (brother of Sir "Scatters" Wilson), who is staying at Mrs. Jay O'Brien's.

BEFORE reading this, you may have heard of the birth of Mrs. Vincent Paravicini's second child. She spent part of the winter at Miami Beach, leaving her son with Mrs. Frere (Pat Wallace) on Long Island. Grandpapa Maugham's novelette, *Theatre*, has been dramatised by Guy Bolton, to open in Washington on Easter Monday. Joan Crawford wanted the lead, but Cornelia Otis Skinner, that witty and accomplished disease, got it.

Musical Londoners will be interested to hear that Prince George Chavchavadze, the pianist (whose wife is one of the British War Relief's best speakers), has taken the Posts' house in Bernardsville, New Jersey, as headquarters to play from.

The only musical note in Palm Beach, other than Dwight Fiske, is struck by Princesse Zalstem-Slessky, Junoesque Johnson heiress, whose first husband was Stokowski, most discussed conductor in the States. Unlike Greta Garbo's other heart-throbs, this great musician (né Stokes of London, Eng.) has not enjoyed any less publicity since he fell into the discard.



Grandson of a famous Scots American millionaire philanthropist is Mr. T. Morrison Carnegie, who, on the left, was lunching at the Chambord.

On his own ground was Mr. Mike Phipps (below). His family owns Delray Beach, Florida's most exclusive colony, and the polo ground as well, and his father breeds all his ponies.



Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



“Never mind tryin’ to do it by them stars. They ain’t reliable round ’ere. To find yer way, stick to dead camels, chianti bottles and marks like that”



Viscountess Carlow and Her Younger Son

The Hon. Lionel John Charles Seymour Dawson-Damer is the second child of Squadron-Leader Viscount and Viscountess Carlow, and was born a few months ago. The Duchess of Kent is his godmother, and the Duke of Kent is godfather to his two-and-a-half-year-old brother. Lady Carlow is Canadian, and was Peggy Cambie before she married the Earl of Portarlington's heir in 1937. She is living at Willards Farm, Dunsfold, Surrey.



Mrs. Christopher Dawnay and Rupert Payan
Rupert Payan Dawnay, now about four months old, is the son of Major Christopher Payan Dawnay, M.B.E., Coldstream Guards, and Mrs. Dawnay, who was Patricia Wake before her 1939 marriage. She is the third daughter of Major-General Sir Hereward Wake, Bt., and Lady Wake, of Courteenhall, Northampton. Her husband is the son of Major-General Guy Dawnay, and a kinsman of Viscount Downe. They live at Orchard Cottage, Longparish, Hants.

Mothers

Mrs. Michael Dawnay, Patrick and Romyne



Left: Patrick Julian and Romyne Julian, born in 1939 and 1940, are the son and daughter of Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Michael Dawnay, of Dugdale House, Compton Bassett, Wilts. Their father, who is in the R.A.F., is the youngest son of the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, and Lady Susan Dawnay, of Whitfield Court, Waterford, a cousin of Viscount Downe and the Marquess of Waterford. Their mother was Julian Mary Brassey before she married in 1938, and is the adopted daughter of Lord and Lady Brassey.

Photographs by
Bassano and Lenarc



Mrs. Richard Tosswill, Simon and Camilla
Lieut.-Com. and Mrs. Richard Tosswill have a small son called Simon Richard, and a baby daughter, Camilla Clare. They were photographed with their mother at their Hampshire home—Wood-lawn, Greywell, near Basingstoke. Mrs. Tosswill was formerly Cynthia Hankey, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Alers Hankey, of Cape Town, and a cousin of Lord Hankey



Mrs. Edward Knight and Richard
Richard Edward Brodnax Knight, born last November, is the son of Captain and Mrs. Edward Knight, of Chawton House, Alton, Hants. His father is in the Hampshire Regiment, and his mother was Peggy Currer Williams, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Currer Williams, of Alton. Captain Knight inherited Chawton House from his father in 1932; it dates back to 1524, and at one time belonged to Jane Austen's brother, who changed his name to Knight when he succeeded. Jane Austen herself spent much of her time there

and Children

Mrs. John Vinson and Juliet



Left: Mr. and Mrs. John Vinson live at Buckwood Field, Barming Woods, Kent, where he farms. They were married three years ago. Juliet, their daughter, is a few months old. Mrs. Vinson was Jean Ferguson, daughter of the late Sir John Ferguson, M.P., and Lady Ferguson, of the Close, Tunbridge Wells. Her husband is also Kent-born; his father, Mr. Ronald Vinson, lives at Nettlestead Place, Watlingtonbury

Mrs. French Blake and Neil



Right: Mrs. French Blake is the wife of Major Robert L.V. French Blake, 17th/21st Lancers, and was Grania Curran before her marriage in July 1939. She is the daughter of the late Captain Walter Curran. She and her son, Neil St. John (whose second name comes from his grandfather, the late Major St. John L. A. O'B. French Blake), were photographed at Rudge Farm, Frosfield, Wilts.



Clementine, confidential maid (Elizabeth Welch), telephones this night-club and that for the straying husband of her mistress, Linda Easterbrook (Diana Wynyard)

Linda and Amanda have a scene of their own—a pretty battle of wits over the missing playwright, whom Amanda now thinks she has lost and Linda is confident of getting back



Gaylord Easterbrook (Rex
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Philo Smith (Walter Fitzgerald), rich banker-husband of Amanda, helps the story along by falling for Linda, who draws him into her plot for getting her own husband back.

Gaylord means to run away with Amanda, but Linda, his wife, has other ideas. When Amanda telephones, Linda forces her husband to choose there and then between her and her rival—and Linda wins

*(Harrison), Linda's husband, is a
who thinks he has found new inspira-
-ren, Amanda Smith (Lilli Palmer)*

for Comedy"

ed Stage Success

Haymarket

ight, Sam Behrman, wrote No
lay superbly suited to Diana
arrison, who take the leading
by Lilli Palmer, Elizabeth
gerald. This amusing comedy
market Theatre to-morrow,
successful tour throughout the
been performed for the troops
the aris of ENSA. Gladys
for the decor, and the lovely
the eyes of war-working women

by Angus McBean



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

A Lovely Book of Youth

How very rarely can one ever recapture the feelings of childhood. Looking back it often seems as if one's youth belonged to an entirely separate existence. I know few things, for example, more inwardly disconcerting than to gaze at a very early photograph of oneself. It is as if one regarded a complete stranger. One tries vainly to imagine what one felt in those early days; what was one's mental and moral outlook; what, indeed, life appeared to be before one had been forced to come to grips with it.

It is usually rather a sad imagining. Vaguely one remembers what one wanted life to be, and then, an instant later, one realises what life eventually became. What two entirely different stories! Nevertheless, the change from dream to reality was so gradual that only from a long distance of time does one begin to realise where the two parted company. All the same, the memory of the first great disillusion remains, and though one can smile at the havoc they once wrought, it is rather a wry kind of smile—as if one had shed too many unnecessary tears and made mountains where only molehills stood. Yet they were signposts, all the same. They constituted so many partings of the ways from ignorance to wisdom, and wisdom can often be rather a bleak experience. But we all have to go through it, resent it as we will.

The difficulty now is to remember what life was like when only the present moment counted, and tomorrow was sure to be another beautifully exciting day. Occasionally, very occasionally, the remembrance returns vividly, but only for an instant. Perhaps a return to the background of one's extreme youth will recapture the memory; or it may be an old story-book which we used to read and read; or the lilt of an almost forgotten melody, like some of the old-fashioned hymn-tunes; or some passage in a book which brings back an early recollection, so that one says to oneself: "Yes, that's right! That's how I used to act, and talk and feel too!" And it is a happy recollection; like the sudden return to the old, but still very familiar, which we thought we had said "good-bye" to for ever.

Well, Mr. Joyce Cary's new and most delightful novel, *A House of Children*

(Michael Joseph; 8s.), is full of such lovely jolts to memory. I have rarely read a book of youth which was so authentically young, so completely lacking in that adult element which makes so many tales of childhood a merely middle-aged fantasy, an elderly dressing-up.

Entirely Unsentimental

ACTUALLY, *A House of Children* is not a story as most people understand stories; though it may be fiction. The best compliment I can pay it is to declare that if it be fiction, then fact has nothing to teach us about youth. I have never met a group of children, whose ages range from eight to seventeen, more authentically real. In fact, I refuse to believe that any of them were not companions of the writer's own childhood. They are as truly young as all that.

And how jolly and nice every one of them is, and how unsentimentally presented! There isn't a tinge of adult "mush" in any of the portraits. Each is perfectly of his or her age. Even to the outward effect of callousness, which so often astonishes grown-up people as they seek to probe young people's reactions to sad and serious events. Like all children, the children of this story live entirely for the moment and the morrow. "We were often in mischief because we were a crowd of children in our own world, which is as different from the grown-up world as that of dogs or cats or birds. What is enterprise, exploration in one, is mischief in the other."

And what a perfect background they had for childhood! An old Irish country house on the edge of a lough, giving on to the Atlantic; not far from the town of Derry, and within the shadow of the Donegal mountains. And they were free to enjoy every game, every adventure, every exciting possibility such a remote and lovely situation offered a large group of children.

Although these youngsters were numerous, each one becomes a separate individual in the story, so that we know them all intimately, or, when they astonish us by some sudden change, we realise that it was simply a sign of growing-up a little, developing in this direction or the other; becoming more and more a personality. We adore them for what they are, and for what they do, because we were very like them once upon a time, and we said and did just the same things and from the same unaccountable reasons—unaccountable, that is, from the grown-up standpoint.

A Memorable Picture

MR. JOYCE CARY'S knowledge of the young is almost uncanny. Who, for instance, has not been to a party, such as that given by the wealthy Maylins, and been as excited about it beforehand and as rather bored by it when it took place; until we suddenly discovered that there could be lots of fun, after all, if one ignored the organised entertainment? Who, for instance, when young, has not written masterpieces, only to discover that the applause came from love, and not in the least from admiration? Or learnt to play the piano in the hope of being one day world-famous, only to be told eventually that at best you will merely be the success of some village concert? And only being temporarily cast down by the discovery, since there were lots of other exciting possibilities in life at hand. One's own youthful happiness and disappointments are reflected perfectly in the story, so that it often seems, while reading it, that one has become completely young again. And the effect is both bitter-sweet and yet jolly.

Moreover, although each of these boys and girls in this house full of children is

(Concluded on page 466)



The Director of the Imperial Institute

Anthony

Sir Harry Lindsay, K.C.I.E., has been Director of the Imperial Institute since 1934, before which he had served all his life in the Indian Civil Service. His work there was mainly in the commerce and industrial departments; for eleven years he was Indian Trade Commissioner in London, a period which gave him much experience of Imperial affairs, including as it did the Ottawa Conference of 1932, and the Imperial Conferences of 1923, 1926 and 1930. Sir Harry Lindsay has a keen appreciation of the educational and propaganda value of the Institute's magnificent library of home and Empire documentary films. He has recently become a member of the British Council Films Committee

With the Fleet Air Arm—No. 28



“The Walrus and the Carpenter”: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

Cruisers and battleships often carry with them a well-trying good service aircraft, such as a “Walrus” flying-boat, for purposes of patrol. Occasionally some damage occurs to these craft from getting into too-close contact with the enemy, or some trouble may develop, when the “Walrus” needs the assistance of the Carpenter. She sends out an S.O.S. to her parent ship to come to her rescue. A motor-pinnace or motor-boat is then sent out to tow the “Walrus” back to the ship’s workshops for repairs. This is no easy matter in a choppy sea, as can well be imagined, the aircraft behaving rather like a clumsy and unwilling bird. As usual at sea when there is any excitement on hand, sea-gulls fly round full of hope and curiosity

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

a real boy or girl, there is another important character—that of the eccentric, erratic tutor, familiarly called Pinto—who belongs to almost another world, yet mingles perfectly in this one, jarring it constantly though he does. And although the atmosphere of the story is the atmosphere of youth, there are "asides" which, so to speak, throw it beautifully into relief and give it significance. Such as this passage: "The only certain distinction I can find between childhood and maturity is that children grow in experience and look forward to novelty; that old people tend to be set. . . . Grown-ups live and love, they suffer and enjoy far more intensely than children; but for the most part, on a narrower front. For the average man or woman of forty, however successful, has been so battered and crippled by various accidents that he has gradually been restricted to a small compass of enterprise. Above all, he is perplexed. . . . I think that is the reason for the special sadness of nearly all grown-up faces, certainly of those which you respect; you read in their lines of repose the sense that there is no time to begin again, to get things right."

Thoughts from "A House of Children"

"THE loss of the old home, the end of the old religion; it kills the old, but it is nothing to children."

"People who love you can be perfectly maddening. Nothing is more hateful than to be loved by someone who simply pesters you with worrying about you and never does anything."

"All over the world children suffer their chief discouragements from other children."

"Children cannot distinguish crises, even in history, from ordinary life; all they notice of family troubles or great wars is a change of scene or of friends."

"Does anybody realise, unless he takes the trouble to recollect, the perplexity in a child's mind before the question: 'Am I wanted, or am I not wanted? What do they expect of me now?'"

The Truth About Russia

I WOULD like to put Mr. Joseph Ameal's book, *Red Hell: Twenty Years in Soviet Russia* (Robert Hale; 12s. 6d.), in the hands of every British Communist, and those still falling under the wordy glamour of U.S.S.R. eyewash. It is a narrative of experience under Soviet rule, and it is a sombre and weighty indictment which bears on every page the reflection of truth.

Mr. Ameal is a Belgian whose family was in the Russian timber trade. After the revolution he was himself employed for twelve years as a conservator of forests. As an expert he knew his job backwards, but his knowledge was everywhere thwarted by a host of official incompetents whose only claim was their political connections. Thus timber was wasted wholesale, sometimes even left to rot where it fell. Ignorance being in command, chaos was the result—the chaos of unnecessary forms and schedules, of red-tape, graft, and political espionage.

He observed, while still at liberty, the inhuman conditions to which the workers were exposed; in contrast to the luxury and wealth in which the heads of the State revelled. Later on, when his sympathies became suspect and he fell into disfavour, he was able to observe the almost unbelievable misery and torture which was the lot of convicts transported to the extreme north. "Not less than two-thirds," he tells us, "of the total number of convicts employed there perished through epidemics, starvation, ill-treatment and shooting." This record of his experience is a ghastly picture of the so-called "workers' paradise." But not an unexpected one. Because social revolution, whose means are attained by violence, always ends by repeating the same tyranny; the tyrant only belonging to another social order. The

misery returns in full measure, hiding behind the eyewash of political propaganda, which assumes so much and records so little.

Eventually Mr. Ameal, thanks to his Belgian nationality, was extricated from Russia. His book, however, remains for ever as a truthful record which carries the stamp of trustworthiness in every line. Horrible though it is, it will surely only prove an eye-opener to those who have only studied the subject from hearsay or their arm-chairs.

Hitler as the World's Best Liar

AGAIN a masterly little book—this time it only costs sixpence, though it is worth considerably more—concerning honeyed words and bitter action. It is Viscount Maugham's *Lies as Allies*; or *Hitler at War* (Oxford University Press). In it, he puts Hitler in the dock as the world's biggest liar, and conclusively proves his case. From *Mein Kampf*, for example, he quotes: "In the big lie there is always a certain force of credibility, because the broad masses of the nation . . . in the primitive simplicity of their minds, more readily fall victims to the big lie than the small lie."

And so this is a little book recounting Hitler's biggest lies. Lies to Poland about a non-aggression pact. Lies about the Sudetenland as "the last territorial claim which I shall make in Europe." Lies concerning his desire for peace. And all the thousands of lies which deal with sea warfare and air warfare, and lies concerning those so-called "protective" intentions which heralded the invasion of small countries. Indeed, it may be said that even now Hitler's mendacity, when you read about it in book-form, literally takes your breath away. It is so easily detected, yet its brutality remains shocking. The German people must be "gulls" indeed who have not yet seen reality behind the noisy, ranting protestations of their Führer. This little book is a damning indictment, but it is thrilling in the proofs of its accusation.



Christening in Scotland

The infant daughter of Wing-Commander J. A. Vick, A.A.F., and Mrs. J. A. Vick, was christened Ann Rosemary by the Very Rev. Provost A. A. D. Mackenzie at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness. The group includes Wing-Commander and Mrs. Vick, Master Vick, the nurse and baby, Mrs. Philip Mitford, a godmother, daughter of the late Lady Fowler, of Braemore; Miss Davidson, of Flemington; and, at back, Squadron-Leader W. F. Blackadder, D.S.O., an international hockey player. Wing-Commander Vick, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, formerly employed by Imperial Airways, was commanding officer of 607 Fighter Squadron during the blitz.



Christening in Norfolk

The second son of Sir Frederick Rawlinson, Bt., and Lady Rawlinson, of Frankfort Manor, Sleaford, Norfolk, born on March 8, received the names of Marcus Andrew Frederick when he was christened at Sleaford. Mr. Charles Plumbley, a godfather, is on the left of the group, next are Lady Rawlinson, who holds the baby; her daughter Sarah Jane, with her nurse; Sir Frederick Rawlinson, Mrs. F. R. Bell and Mr. F. R. Bell, another godfather. In front are Anthony Henry John Rawlinson, aged nearly five, and Julian Bell. Mrs. J. U. Hogarth, godmother, was unable to be present and was represented by proxy.



Two Waafs Win the M.M.

Sergeants Helen Turner and Joan Mortimer are two of the first three members of the W.A.A.F. to be awarded the Military Medal. They and the third winner, Corporal Elspeth Henderson, were on duty at Fighter Command stations when bombing attacks took place, and were decorated for their courage and devotion to duty during the raids. With Sergeants Turner and Mortimer here is the latter's mother



O.B.E. Military Division

The first woman to be awarded the O.B.E., Military Division, is Assistant Section Officer Felicity Hanbury, W.A.A.F., who received her decoration for distinguished services in operational commands of the R.A.F. She joined up in April 1939, and got her commission four months later. Now she has been appointed Public Relations Officer to the W.A.A.F. Her husband, the late Pilot-Officer Jock Hanbury, A.A.F., was killed while flying in October 1939. Mrs. Hanbury is a sister of Lady Campbell-Orde

People in the News



Defender of Freedom of Opinion

Michael Redgrave, one of the people banned by the B.B.C. for refusing to admit that his views about the People's Convention were any concern of Broadcasting House, went with his wife (Rachel Kempson) to a National Council for Civil Liberties meeting last week when freedom of opinion and the B.B.C. were discussed. Mr. Redgrave has stated that he is not a pacifist, believes that "the war must now be fought, and must be won," and has been provisionally accepted for the Navy. Meanwhile, he is to play in the film of "Jeannie" with Barbara Mullen



"Oscar" Winners

James Stewart and Ginger Rogers have won the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards for the best actor and best actress performances in 1940. Ginger got her "Oscar" for her part in "Kitty Foyle," film version of Christopher Morley's novel, not yet seen here. James Stewart got his for playing the reporter in the Katharine Hepburn film, "The Philadelphia Story." Currently he is in "No Time for Comedy" (see p. 451), and is waiting his call-up for the American Army

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Signallers

THERE is no doubt in my mind that the German air force is being greatly aided in its operations against London and other centres which have been attacked with equal severity, by a highly competent and well-organised body of 'roof-spotters,' whose business it is to flash a pre-arranged signal to the raiding air squadrons. Flash goes the torch-light and the bomb-aimer does the rest. Aerial bombardment, as we know, is 100 per cent. more accurate than it was twenty-odd years ago, but it is always glad of any extra assistance. A recent instance, the stick of seven which was dropped on or near a famous edifice."

These are the words of a distinguished soldier who has an intimate knowledge of the operations of ill-disposed persons who are in our midst, and whom it is convenient to call spies. I fancy that none of us will dissent from this officer's views; in fact, many of us have reason to know that they are only too well founded upon fact; but what plain John Bull would be relieved to learn would be that very active measures are being taken to deal with these signallers, and that, when caught, as I understand some have been, they have suffered the appropriate penalty, *pour encourager les autres*. It might be a good plan to give a bit more publicity to what has happened. Was, for instance, the signaller of the stick of seven caught?

A "Cherry-picker" Loss

THE death of Major-General Tom Pitman is a personal bereavement to a vast number of cavalry soldiers past and present, and particularly to the 11th Hussars to which he was gazetted in October 1889.

Others have paid tribute to General Pitman's distinguished military career, but no one has so far mentioned the fact that he was a notable figure in the world of sport, especially out pig-sticking, which, incidentally, is at once one of its most strenuous and most hazardous off-shoots.

General Pitman never won the Kadir, that great contest run near Meerut, but he rode in it more than once, and was on the committee of the Hog Hunters' Dinner, which was held in London on June 13th, 1929, H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales, being the guest of honour, and the late Lord Baden-Powell, the chairman. General Pitman was one of the members of the committee in favour of our holding another reunion in 1934, but from one cause or another, more particularly one, it did not materialise, and it may be many years before the life honorary secretary has the happiness to sound the "rally" once again.

The Kadir, which under ordinary circumstances would have been held this month, is in a state of suspension exactly as it was during the last war.

An 11th Hussar Record

THE 11th Hussars have a great record where masterships of hounds are concerned, and have likewise the proud one of having had the leader of a certain great charge at Balaclava as an officer of the regiment. Lord Cardigan was an 11th Hussar, the other regiments concerned having been the 4th and 8th Hussars and 17th Lancers. The list of "Cherubim" masters of hounds I think is worth recording and may interest both past and present officers. Here it is: The late Captain the Hon. H. Ormsby-Gore

(The Muskerry, 1884-1886); Lord Conyers (now Lord Yarborough), joint-master the Brocklesby with his father the late Earl (1925-28); Captain H. A. Jaffray, joint-master the Brocklesby with the late Lord Yarborough, 1928-32, and later, the Cotswold and the Meynell; the present Lord Yarborough, second mastership (Brocklesby), 1936; Colonel J. G. Lowther (Pytchley), 1923 up to the outbreak of war; Sir Thomas Ainsworth (Tipperary, 1928-32; Meath, 1922-25; Kildare, 1926-27; Galway Blazers, 1925-26); Major Toby Lakin (Wexford, 1912-27 and again in 1928); Lieut.-Colonel F. H. Sutton (South Dorset, 1928-35); Major H. S. Cayzer (joint-master of the Pytchley, 1921-22), Major C. F. Garrard (joint-master the Vine, 1929-32), and Captain J. W. S. Galbraith (the Aldershot Drag 1929). I should think this was a record for one regiment. Whilst he was in India Captain Jaffray was master of the Ootacamund Foxhounds, 1923-24. I hope this little list will interest some "Cherry-pickers" who have recently been exactly where the regiment prefers to be, bang up in the fighting line.

Foxhunting After the War

CONCEDING that it is common ground that this war cannot last for ever, and further, that it may be nearer its end than even our bombastic opponents imagine, there should be some kind of a future for the customary diversions to which mortal man has a right. It will not be possible for many years after the "cease-fire" has sounded to return to the normal, but this is a very different thing to saying that this war will wipe out our sports and pastimes for ever and a day.

A friend, who is a well-known ex-M.F.H., about whose ideas of a plan for the continuance of foxhunting I spoke in a recent



British Officers in Abyssinia

Some months ago a small party of British officers was sent into the heart of Abyssinia to foster a revolt against the Italians, and train the patriot troops of the Emperor of Ethiopia. The success of these activities was such that the Emperor decided to return to his own country and place himself at the head of the Patriot Army. The British officers had mobilised, trained and equipped a native army. Our pictures show some of the officers with the troops and (left) an officer enjoying a good joke





Golfers Join the W.A.A.F.

Stuart

Paim Barton (centre), the celebrated golfer, winner of the British and American Open Championships in 1936 and 1939, has joined the W.A.A.F., after many months' work as a Civil Defence worker at a South-West London A.R.P. depot, and is now known as Aircraftwoman 2. Barton. Another well-known golfer is Mrs. Golden (left), formerly Mary Beard, who holds the South-West and Dorset titles and was reserve for England. With them is A.C.2. Windus. They are now learning to scrub floors and drill on the square at their training station.



Athletes at an R.A.F. Station

Stuart

In front: P.O. Bantoft, R.A., seconded R.A.F., was Captain of Jesus College, Cambridge, Soccer and lawn tennis teams in 1936; P.O. C. J. Barnett, in charge of all games and P.T. is the Lancashire and England cricketer; Sergt. Pilot N. H. Moynihan, R.A.F., was a Cambridge Double Blue in 1939, for cross-country running and athletics. At the back are P.O. D. Shepherd, Oxford fencing Blue in 1934; P.O. Gwilym Lewis, Rifle Brigade, seconded R.A.F., President of the Birmingham University Athletics, and Rugger Blue in 1936; Cadet Gordon Wooller, who plays cricket for Denbighshire, Rugger for Cardiff and West of England, is the younger brother of Wilfred Wooller.

note, is certain that we can carry on if we adapt ourselves to the altered conditions. He says that (a) no one will have much money; (b) that hunting establishments will have to be considerably reduced, second horses, even for huntsmen and hunt servants abolished, ditto hound-vans and horse-boxes; that these things are of more or less modern creation, and that hunting went very well before anyone thought about them; (c) that as the grass will all be gone as near as makes no matter, we shall need a different type of hound and a different—and cheaper—type of horse to the bang-tailed flier, who is often quite good enough to win at Cheltenham, and even perhaps at Aintree; (d) that people must be content with fewer days per week and shorter days at that.

Armed Camp Sport?

EVERYTHING where the future of sport is concerned, must obviously hang upon the question of the nature of the decision reached in this war: whether it is to be a lasting peace, or merely an interval during which the world will be compelled to remain armed to the teeth. Only one thing seems certain, namely, that this Empire will not consent to turn its sword into a ploughshare for the second time of asking, until it knows that the sword has been knocked out of the enemy's hand. We shall

continue to put more land under cultivation and keep it so. I therefore agree with my friend that we can say good-bye to what are called the grass countries, and that we may need a different type of hound and horse to cross the plough with success.

Before all this started there was practically no plough in Leicestershire. On their Lincolnshire side the Belvoir had plenty of it: in the Belvoir Vale, that little strip of a galloping paradise, there was

only one field of it—all the rest the best and soundest grass. The Quorn, Cottesmore, Fernie had none, the Pytchley hardly any, ditto the Grafton, to name just a few of a collection of grazing countries. So it is all bound to be slowed down, and though a hound with a good nose will hold on to the line over anything even down a tarmac road, this type may change to suit the different conditions. Plough incidentally carries a rare scent.



Followers of the Aldershot Beagles at the Eelmore Bridge Meet

Corporal Betty Perceval, a member of the F.A.N.Y., Women Transport Drivers, was one of the field out with the Aldershot Beagles.

Captain Deas, Mr. B. J. E. Veale, the Master, and Mr. E. W. Veale, the Secretary, were snapped at the meet of the Aldershot Beagles, which took place at Eelmore Bridge, near the Officers' Club, Aldershot. The country hunted is mostly grass and heather and provides good sport and exercise for soldiers stationed in the Aldershot Command.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Mann—Holdsworth Hunt

Captain Alastair Giles Mann, R.A., second son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Mann, of Bolebrook, Hartfield, Sussex, and Disney Claudine Holdsworth Hunt, daughter of the late Captain Claude Holdsworth Hunt, and Mrs. Vere Spencer, of Wheatfield House, Tetworth, Oxon, were married at St. Andrew's, Wheatfield.



Lauder—Paterson

Lieut. Philip D. S. Lauder, 11th Hussars, only son of Major and Mrs. D. Lauder, of Hill Paddock, Sevenoaks, Kent, and Frankie Paterson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Paterson, of Cranmer, Clarendon Road, Bournemouth, were married at St. Michael's, Bournemouth.



Emerson—Rapozo

Sec.-Lieut. John Anthony Emerson, R.A., youngest son of Sir Herbert and Lady Emerson, of Belle Orchard, Sevenoaks, Kent, and Anne de Paiva Rapozo, elder daughter of the late J. de Paiva Rapozo, and Mrs. de Paiva Rapozo, of Maidenhead, were married at St. Michael's, Bray. His father is a former Governor of the Punjab.



Wallace—Thornton

Sec.-Lieut. Ronald Eden Wallace, Royal Gloucestershire Hussars, son of Major and Mrs. E. G. Wallace, of Ashford Manor, Ludlow, and Jean Spencer Thornton, daughter of Spencer R. Thornton of 26, Sloane Court, S.W.3, and Cranbourne Corner, near Ascot, Berks., were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.



Churchill—Denny

Major John Malcolm T. F. Churchill, M.C., Manchester Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Churchill, of Weyland, Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks., and Rosamund Margaret Denny, elder daughter of Sir Maurice Denny, Bt., and Lady Denny, of Ardenwohr, Cardross, Dumbartonshire, were married at St. Augustine's, Dumbarton.



Cooper—Richmond

Sec.-Lieut. Geoffrey Mervyn Cooper, Royal Sussex Regiment, second son of Captain and Mrs. Arthur H. Cooper, of 42, Cadogan Square, S.W.1, was married at St. Saviour's, Wallon Street, to Elise Marie Richmond, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. McG. Richmond, of Balnacraig, Perthshire.

(Concluded on page 472)



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Getting Married (Continued)



Howard — Mackenzie

Capt. Cyril Meredith Howard, South Staffordshire Regiment, son of the late Lieut.-Col. L. Meredith Howard, and Mrs. N. W. Fortier, of Morden, Surrey, and Jean Margaret Mackenzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mackenzie, of Woodhaven, Walton-on-Thames, were married at St. Mary's, Otlands, Surrey



Tippetts — Hanmer

Captain S. A. Tippetts, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tippetts, of Berry Hall, Solihull, Warwick, and Elaine Hanmer, younger daughter of the late Frank Hanmer, and Mrs. Hanmer, of Briarwood, Four Oaks, Warwick, were married at St. Peter's, Sutton Coldfield



Birkett — Higginson

Captain John Brian Birkett, Royal Corps of Signals, and Margery Higginson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Higginson, of Glenmakieran, Craigavon, Northern Ireland, were married at Helen's Bay. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. G. Birkett, of Cambrian House, Burgess Hill, Sussex



Matthews — Tallow

Sec.-Lieut. Bernard John V. Matthews, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Matthews, of Reading, and Patricia Maud Tallow, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Tallow, of 29, Palace Gate, W.8, were married at St. Michael's, Chester Square.



Instone — Palca

Sec.-Lieut. Ralph B. S. Instone, Lincolnshire Regiment, and Sybil Palca, daughter of the late J. Palca, and Mrs. Palca, now at Bay Tree Hotel, Burford, Oxon, were married at Oxford. He is the elder son of Captain and Mrs. Alfred Instone, of 11, Campden Hill Gardens, W.8, and Corner Cottage, West Chilton, Sussex



Ommanney — McKillop

Captain Charles Laurence Ommanney, Royal Signals, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. C. V. Ommanney, of Rough Acres, Farnham, Surrey, and Violet Leslie McKillop, daughter of A. N. McKillop, of the Kiln, Farnham, were married at the Royal Garrison Church, Aldershot



Reford — Mayne

A wedding at Sialkot, India, was that of Captain L. B. Hope Reford, Frontier Force Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hope Reford, of Guildford, Surrey, and Rosemary Mayne, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mayne, of Heron, Belfast, Northern Ireland



Knott — Barton

Capt. H. Stanley Knott, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Knott, of Greenmount, Coleraine, Northern Ireland, and Thelma Thornton Barton, only daughter of Major and Mrs. C. Thornton Barton, of 10, Broomhills Court, Leicester, were married at St. Cuthbert's, Great Glen, Leicester



Hunt — Evill

Squadron-Leader John Hunt, M.D., R.A.F.V.R., of 50, Sloane Street, S.W.1, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Hunt, of Cheniston, Farnham, Surrey, and Elisabeth Evill, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Evill, of 23, Church Row, Hampstead, were married at Hampstead Parish Church

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Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THERE was silence, save for the scratching of pens, for an examination was in progress.

Suddenly the eye of the examiner caught a student who was studying his watch with more than usual interest.

"Smith," said the watcher, "I will have a look at your timepiece, if you please."

Smith seemed worried, but handed over the watch. The other opened it, and saw pasted across the dial a tiny slip of paper bearing the laconic legend, "Fooled."

Smith was allowed to resume his work, but the examiner kept an eye on him, and soon he thought fit to have another look at his watch.

But this time he did not go for the face. He opened the back instead. And there, sure enough, he found a small folded paper. Examining it eagerly, he read: "Fooled again!"

ON sentry-go as a Home Guard at a post somewhere in Central London was a white-haired retired major-general (says the *Evening Standard*).

A young W.A.A.F. officer approached a forbidden entrance to the building guarded. The sentry motioned her away just as she recognised him.

"Oh, but godfather," she exclaimed, "you can't refuse to let me go by!"—and she kissed him on both cheeks.

This was the moment chosen by the sergeant of the guard to see that his sentries were on the alert.

As he strolled round the garden the retired Army officer was feeling very pleased with life. Presently he came across the gardener, a very old employee, who had worked for the family for many years.

"Oh, Jim," beamed the major. "You'll be pleased to hear that my son has been called to the Bar."

Jim straightened his back cautiously before making any comment.

"Well, sir," he replied, "from what I knows o' Master Jack, he wouldn't need much calling."

ONE night at a theatre a man who had dined rather too well stood up in his seat right in the middle of the play and cried: "Is there a doctor in the house?"

The actors faltered slightly, but the play went bravely on.

A moment later, the same man, still standing, repeated his question.

At this second call, another man arose and said: "Yes, I'm a doctor," whereupon the other nearly finished off the performance for that evening by asking, in a tone of great bonhomie: "How do you like the show, doc.?"

HE was a good workman, but he was often away. However, he always produced a certificate signed by his doctor. At last the doctor became suspicious of these visits. When the man came again he gave him a blank certificate. Next morning the foreman called the workman aside.

"Now, look here, Bill," he said, "that certificate is no good. The doctor has simply put a stroke in the place which should show what you suffered from."

"That's O.K., boss," said Bill quickly. "That's what I had."

ONE evening, an American business man, weary after a long and difficult day, handed the menu back to the negro waiter and said: "Just bring me a good meal." He put a generous tip on his plate in advance. A very good meal indeed was served. This happened several times.

One evening, however, he mentioned to the negro that he was leaving the town the next day and thanked him for his attention. As he was leaving the table, his now devoted waiter leaned over his chair and whispered confidentially: "Thank you, sah. An' if you done got any othah friends what can't read, you jes' send 'em along to me, sah."



"Why ain't yer marchin' up and down?"

"The absurdity of it suddenly dawned on me."



"No, no—that refers to horse-racing"

AN old Highland soldier got into a train travelling to Inverness. Rather unsteadily he sat down opposite a Salvation Army officer. For some time he gazed at the officer's uniform with profound concentration. At last he broke into speech.

"What's yer regiment, man? I canna mak' it oot."

To which the Salvation Army officer replied: "I am a soldier of the Lord. I go to Inverness to fight the devil; thence to Aberdeen to fight him again, and then down to Dundee, Edinburgh and Newcastle."

The soldier struggled to his feet and gave the officer a resounding slap on the back.

"That's richt, ma man," he said. "Keep on heading the blighter south."

THE motor-cycle cop finally caught up with the huge limousine. He ordered the driver—a beautiful blonde showgirl—to pull over to the kerb.

"Sixty miles an hour!" growled the cop. "Don't you know we have speed limits in this town?"

The showgirl looked extremely innocent.

"Why, officer," she protested, "I was only going thirty!"

"Only thirty, eh?" snapped the other. "Then why is it I had to go over sixty miles an hour to catch up with you?"

The girl shrugged haughtily.

"Look here, my man," she cried. "What are you trying to do—compare a cheap motor-cycle to my limousine?"

A "SING-SONG" was in progress in the canteen and volunteer artists were called for.

A brawny Scot rose to his feet, and the Cockney compère asked for the name of his song.

"Wae's Me for Prince Charlie," replied the candidate.

The Cockney scratched his head and then made a bold shot at it.

"Private Macdonald will naow sing 'Where's Me Fourpence, Charlie?'"



Yes, it's a Eugène every time
MY HAIR IS PRECIOUS!

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Air News

NEWS it is more difficult to cure than a pain in the neck. In the debate on the Air Estimates in the House of Commons, Mr. Garro Jones alleged that the aviation press of this country was giving information to the enemy by printing news. He forgot that compulsory censorship does not cure news itch.

News is a parasitic arachnid which allows its host no peace and which cannot be expelled by censorship any more than by mud baths, ointments, potions or electrical or sun-ray treatment. The only known cure is publication.

Censorship exacerbates the itch and causes it to break out in other places; the patient finding himself totally unable to agree with the Socratic dictum that itching and scratching are in any way pleasant. So if, as Mr. Garro Jones seemed to wish, the aviation press were to be subjected to compulsory censorship, the air news would certainly begin to appear in other places, causing, perhaps, large inflamed blotches all over the daily newspapers.

Causes

LET us, as the doctors say, study the etiology of news itch. I have always regarded the dog-bites-man definition of news as inadequate and out-dated. The real definition is the one to which I gave currency some years ago when I was on the old *Morning Post*.

News is something somebody does *not* want you to print; all the rest is advertising. (This

definition, by the way, ran parallel to my old news editor's definition of truth. Nothing is true, he used to say, unless it has been officially denied at least once.)

Observe the operation of a news disclosure. First information which somebody does not want printed is let out to those who supply the printing presses. They may know that it is not desirable to print it; but the itch begins and will not leave them alone. They know the information they have is news; they know how they could use it as news in some publication or other. Publish and be damned to all cautionary inhibitions is the final stage.

A Suggestion

I HAVE a good deal of sympathy with Mr. Garro Jones's views. I think that too much information is getting to the enemy by way of the press—not only the technical press, but the daily press as well; "Auntie Times" (as Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis calls her) having slipped up at least once. But I do not think that the cure is compulsory censorship so much as a closer hold by officials on official secrets.

In other words I do not recommend any attempt to cure news itch, I recommend an attempt to prevent it. Information should be given only to those members of the Press who are known personally to officials and members of the services; that is the real answer.

Confidential conferences should be limited to those who are personally known to the

officers holding them. It would sometimes be awkward when some powerful paper—as powerful papers do—suddenly appointed a new air correspondent who had never seen an aeroplane before or ever met any one in aviation; but that difficulty would be less grave than those of compulsory censorship.

Reading the Papers

ANOTHER thing which would be necessary would be to ensure that in every department of State dealing with the Press, there was somebody with interest in and knowledge of the Press.

I mentioned my experience with the Admiralty Press section the other day, when the official at the other end of the telephone told me, not without a good deal of scorn, that he never read the newspapers. That sort of attitude might have been all right in the Wars of the Roses, but is not permissible today.

The Government has shown, by its instructions as to what the civil population should do in the event of invasion, that it relies upon the Press to perform day by day and week by week and month by month, an essential service, the dissemination of information.

It is known that the radio cannot always be relied upon to function as and when one wants it to function. The Press must be used as an additional means of passing information, and instructions to the public.

American Aircraft

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's speech in the early hours of the morning (here) of March 16, was one of the most inspiring things I have ever listened to. The way he uses repetition to produce emphasis is tremendously effective.

He gave the celebrated guarantee that we should get aeroplanes. We are getting them already and have been since the beginning of the war; but now we shall be getting them on an enormous and increasing scale.

And by the way, Sir Archibald Sinclair, in his speech on the Air Estimates, paid tribute to the American machines.

He also made the point that the Douglas "Boston" (which has the tricycle undercarriage) is well suited to night fighting duties as well as to its original design duties of medium bombing.

That debate in the House was concluded by a strong statement by Captain Harold Balfour, the Under-Secretary of State for Air, in which he repeated his promise of an increasing offensive by the Royal Air Force.

That offensive has been developing fairly rapidly and our new machines are making it more and more effective. I used to be an opponent of the big bombing aeroplane. Now I am beginning to feel exactly the other way. Those new big bombers can hit hard. There is no doubt about that. And it is by virtue of their size that they can do so. That means that our power-operated, multi-gun turrets are going to be even more useful in the future than they have been in the past; for they will provide the means whereby the big machines can drive off night-flying interceptors.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER and BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER and BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER and BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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Round the Restaurants

"The Tatler and Bystander" Guide to Lunching,
Dining and Dancing in Wartime London



*Jack and Daphne Barker
at the May Fair*

The May Fair

THE Barkers are back. That is an important bit of May Fair news and will be welcomed by many fans of those indomitable May Fair regulars. Once again the sidelines are yelling for the songs they know and Jack and Daphne are taking them from Astor to Andes and rolling down the mountain to other favourite resorts with stop-overs for a few fresh features soon to pass into the established repertory.

The Barkers are there, Jack Jackson is there for you to dance to on the May Fair's distinguished floor, Casado is there to tickle your palate with May Fair standard food, Brega is there to watch over all and keep it running with the smooth opulence of those luxury liners in which he used to hold sway running down to Rio. And in consequence of these presiding genii, there's many a brass hat nightly hanging in the cloakroom.

Upstairs, hard left as you get in, is another admirable May Fair institution, the Viking Bar, where, lunchtime or dinnertime, those who sadly have not the time to spare to make an evening of it in the restaurant can make a meal à la Scandinave of a quality that would surprise you. Smørrebrød, for instance, which by their ingredients are Lord Woolton's joy, are also a delight rarely to be met in London. Here anyway they are with Kød (meaning not cod but "continuation") well up to Scandinavian standards, and lager or vin rosé to top it all off.

One may add that the whole shoot, taken table d'hôte or à la carte, works out strikingly reasonable. So dine at the Viking bar and put the change into War Savings.

Hatchett's

"THEY would have had to shoot me if I'd stayed," says Charlie from Nice. And one certainly cannot imagine Charlie, whose M.M. testifies to his ardour in Boche-bashing during the last war, consenting to German intrusion in his bar during this one.

So Charlie came back home last summer, leaving his Nice establishment in the care of Henri, his French barman, and set up at Hatchett's, where one gets a much more congenial type of military.

In fact, Hatchett's would be very much the wrong spot for the odd invader to drop into. Not only would he run into most of the armed forces of the Crown, but Home Guard Charlie in the intervals of patrolling local open spaces keeps his gun tucked behind the bar ready for any emergency on his new home ground.

To all and sundry other than enemy parachutists I may say, as I have said before, that Hatchett's is as hospitable a place as you could hope to find. Gerold's dinners have adapted themselves to rationing with that suavity and skill one would expect from anything connected with Gerold, the White Horse cellars are still well stocked with fine wine, and there is no question of rationing where the enthusiastically brilliant music of the Swinget is concerned. Only noteworthy change is that Peggy McCormick now does the singing and is as easy on the ear as she is on the eye, which is saying a very great deal. Proportion of romantically minded young officers visiting Hatchett's may be expected to touch a new high.



*The West End is
safe with Charlie*

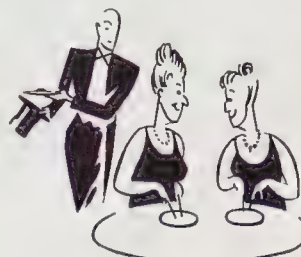
Maison Prunier

IT's not so easy these days, and is getting increasingly harder, to get a true gourmet's meal. In the first place there are Lord Woolton's many and wise rules to be regarded; in the second the range of dishes, even within the framework of those rules, is severely limited by market conditions. Ingenuity and resource in buying and cooking are truly coming into their own as hallmarks of a good restaurateur.

But it is almost an insult to call Mme. Prunier just a good restaurateur. Bearer of one of the greatest names in the history of the cuisine, she brings her father's special genius

to bear in a different country and against different problems with results that now more than ever make Maison Prunier stand out as the restaurant of the gastronomie.

One tribute to forethought, for instance, is that, although in peacetime Prunier's relied largely on imported oysters, Mme. Prunier so skilfully introduced her own special types to English beds that now, when oysters are hard to get anywhere, she has supplies even of the famous green ones which used to come



*"Lord Woolton suspects
they've a magic hat!"*

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Phil Fawcett

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TELEPHONE: RIPLEY, YORKS. 32



from nowhere but Bordeaux. Either as a meal in themselves at the bar or as the first stage of an "Air-raid lunch" or "Blackout dinner" bivalve-lovers can have their fill. For others there is the Plateau Prunier, a glorious half-dozen of assorted fishy delicacies, or potted salmon, a new and most worthy-to-be-tried invention of the chef. And to follow, however short meat may be, the day's Poisson du Chef or Plat du Gourmet never fails to be a royal dish.

The Lansdowne

WORKING with Fernandez at the Lansdowne nowadays is one of the great figures of London's restaurant world. To everybody who has done any dining out since almost the beginning of the century he is Louis, "the" Louis. With the statutory interval between 1914 and 1918 for battle fighting, he has been in London and in restaurants for more years than most of us care to think back on, and all the experience and skill which won him fame and friends at such places as Quag's or the old Ciro's with which he was chiefly connected are now part of the Lansdowne's attractions. You'll find plenty of people calling for Louis there.

Louis is, in fact, the half of a perfect team, for in what circles is the name of Fernandez not a byword? And there are other lights: Tim Clayton controlling the music in unexampled fashion, Sidney Read running as fine a little bar as you could find (and running the United Kingdom Bartenders' Guild as well). No lack of great names in the dining, wining and dancing world and no lack of good things for them to work their wonders with. That's why you have to book a table well ahead most nights.



Lansdowne
Louis, than
whom . . .

The New Queen's

MICHEL is his name and his face is at the side. That's the man you've all been wanting so long to call out and praise and thank for the meals you've been getting at the New Queen's. Michel came from Alsace-Lorraine (near Strasbourg as a matter of fact) a long while ago, and since then has been round the best kitchens of London giving Englishmen the sort of meals Englishmen want. Latterly he's been doing it at the Queen's, and that behind the scenes is one of the very good reasons why the Queen's draws them in at a rate of knots.

That's not to say that there aren't plenty of other good reasons why the Queen's draws 'em in, reasons apparent to the naked eye and ear like Java and his music or to the naked palate like Charlie's way with a cocktail, and others not apparent because they're just part of the infallible Mr. Cope's deft management. All departments work together and with a will; that's the great thing and the blended result keeps a great part of the uniformed populace happy night by night and day by day.



Onions? Ah,
Michel knows his

Martinez

A NOTE about the Restaurant Martinez is a fitting place to pay a passing tribute to that master of swing music, Ken Johnson. For the tribute is that Snakehips put the whole of himself into his music and it is emblematic of him that he was a regular diner at Martinez where Edmundo Ros and his Cuban band provide music which is authentically Caribbean. Themselves, like Johnson, West Indians, they have the same genius and the same passion for the strange musical amalgam which the racial mixtures of the West Indian islands have created. Those who have heard the Mardi Gras carnival songs of Trinidad with their topical, improvised air will recognise in Ros's playing the same unique and exciting quality.

Apart from the special quality of its music, the restaurant Martinez has many other special virtues, chief of which is, as is right and proper, the food, as truly Spanish as the music is Spanish-American. In the case of both there are, of course, compromises for the benefit of less adventurous palates, but those who are prepared to try—and now above all is the time for enterprise—can savour here to the full the real thing at its best, in an atmosphere at once exotic and restrained.



Swinging in
Sheltered Spain

The Shepherd's Tavern

THAT much abused word rendezvous (used of course in its best sense) finds its aptest exemplar in the heart of Mayfair at the Shepherd's Tavern. As all Mayfair well knows, Shepherd's is the ideal "local," a place to meet one's friends over an aperitif or more masculinely and modernly a glass of admirable beer. It is a friendly place one feels one can drop into at any time or in any mood and relax and be cheered. In fact, it should not be insulted by the name of pub, for it is all that any good pub-lover would wish the perfect pub to be: friendly,



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So at noon and sundown you will see Mayfair and Whitehall flocking into Shepherd's as to a particularly delightful club, to rest and take stock, to relax in one of those very easy chairs and imbibe comfort and solace for body and soul. The habitués know that there they can meet each other and if the fancy take them set out for some elaborate party, or (and this is more likely with people who really are habitués) eat at Shepherd's itself, unspectacularly and thoroughly well; and thus lay a proper foundation for an evening of well-spent leisure.

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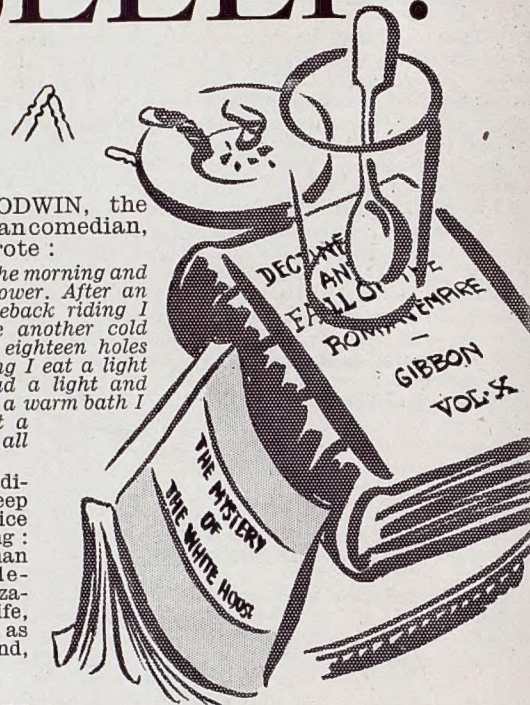
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What's your recipe for SLEEP?

NAT GOODWIN, the American comedian, once wrote:

"I get up early in the morning and take a brisk cold shower. After an energetic go at horseback riding I come back and take another cold shower. Then comes eighteen holes of golf. In the evening I eat a light dinner and then read a light and engaging book. After a warm bath I go to bed—and not a wink can I sleep all night!"

Most of the traditional recipes for sleep are like the advice given for slimming: the cure is worse than the complaint, demands a re-organization of one's whole life, and on top of that, as Nat Goodwin found, produces no result!



THE famous experiments conducted by Dr. Glenville Giddings provided scientific evidence that two of the most popular beliefs about sleep are false. After studying the sleep of 28 children for 364 nights (their every movement was electrically recorded) Dr. Giddings stated that the following conclusions, among others, could be drawn:

"The giving of baths, either warm or cold, on retiring, seems to have no effect, either in the production of, or in the interference with sleep in normal children."

"The drinking of a beverage containing 3/5ths of a grain of caffeine" (the substance in coffee that is supposed to keep one awake) "produces no more restlessness than was seen after the drinking of an equal amount of orange juice."

Dr. Giddings' experiments confirmed one of the other popular beliefs, namely, that one should not take a heavy meal at bedtime:

"The taking of a large amount of food at the evening meal, even though the food might be considered plain food, resulted in marked restlessness. In many cases the restlessness continued throughout the night," he wrote.

ANOTHER famous research scientist, Mr. H. M. Johnson of the Mellon Institute, has studied the effects of noise on sleep. In his own words, he "accumulated a mass of negative evidence."

He found, for example, that "the time of the night when the patient stirs the least is not the time at which street noises are at a minimum." Also deaf people as a class do not rest more quietly than normal people. Even stronger evidence to prove that noise has little influence on sleep is provided by the people who manage to sleep through the "Blitz."

Actually, inability to get to sleep is not a common complaint. Far more widespread is the inability to sleep deeply and reposefully. Lady Oxford and Asquith, writing of the time when she lived at 10 Downing Street, has described

the agony of mind this can produce:

"There was a period during which I suffered from 'nerves' and nervous exhaustion. No one ever suffered more than I did! I was so strung-up that I used to gnaw my knuckles till they bled."

In despair, she called in her doctor. "He demonstrated to me," she writes, "that what I needed was to improve the quality of my sleep." Having learnt to do that, Lady Oxford was able to write 14 or 16 hours a day.

IT is the good quality of their sleep that explains the endurance of most great men and women. Statesmen and generals in particular have been famously good sleepers. (Pitt, Lloyd George, Caesar, Napoleon, Wellington, to name only a few.) This is, of course, not a result of their burdensome occupations but a reflection of the fact that only first-rate sleepers "get to the top." Indeed it may be stated as an aphorism that first-grade people are almost invariably 1st Group sleepers.

The people in the 2nd Sleep Group are those who sleep shallowly, fail to get proper recuperation during sleep and, as a result, suffer as Lady Oxford did from inexplicable "nerves" and tiredness. The 3rd Group, not a large one, comprises the people who suffer (usually only temporarily) from actual insomnia.

People in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups almost invariably find that they become 1st Group sleepers if they form a habit of taking Horlicks last thing at night. It's not an expensive pleasure. Prices are as before the war, from two shillings. After a delicious cup of hot Horlicks, they find that they go to sleep easily and sleep well.

It is very easy to know when you have slept well. You have a sense of being healed and renewed in body and mind. If you have been a stranger of late to that pleasant feeling, start taking Horlicks for a while and observe the effect. You will not find a better recipe for sleep.

JOY

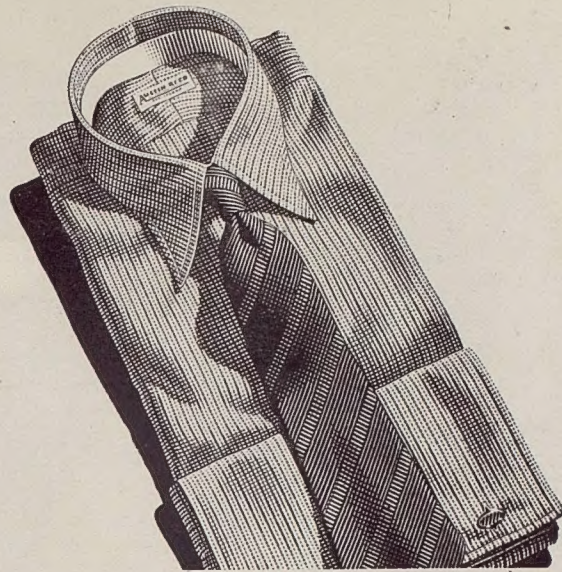
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